

# THE FAVORITE

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## FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

## TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

### A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.)

#### CHAPTER LVIII.

##### CAIN AND ABEL.

The resistance of the besieged was by no means yet overcome, however; indeed, the royal troops were hard pressed to maintain the position they had reached.

Suddenly Sforzi's eyes were lit up with an almost superhuman brilliancy, the muscles of his face were agitated by a convulsive trembling, his lips became pale and contracted, and upon his forehead the great veins swelled up like cords—sure indications that he was attacked by one of his dreaded fits of ungovernable fury. All his faculties appeared to be concentrated in the gaze he turned upon the leader of a fresh party of rebels advancing to the attack. This leader was the Marquis de la Tremblais.

The sight of Sforzi caused the Seigneur de la Tremblais nearly as much agitation as was felt by Raoul. His hatred of the latter stood him instead of the courage in which he was deficient.

"Miserable bastard!" he exclaimed, "if the baseness of your condition leaves any warmth in your blood, or courage in your heart, come and cross swords with me!"

This provocation completed the young man's fury and swept away all the instinctive scruples that had before restrained him.

"Assassin and infamous wretch!" he cried, hoarsely, "it is heaven that sends you to your doom."

They sprang upon one another.

This monstrous duel—for none of those who witnessed it were ignorant of the blood-ties of the combatants—this monstrous duel caused hostilities to be suspended for a moment, and afforded great relief to the fatigued royal troops.

Sforzi, with bare head, was at an extreme disadvantage against the marquis, who was cased in steel. The certainty that their master could not fail to be the conqueror led not a little to the voluntary inactivity of the rebels. Twice Sforzi lunged at his antagonist, and twice the point of his sword was blunted against the impenetrable armor of the marquis.

"Death of my life!" muttered De Maurevert, springing from the royal ranks, and placing himself within two paces of the combatants, "it is impossible this sacrilegious and unequal struggle can be allowed to go on. The moment has come to act, I think. To work! To leave Raoul to be massacred at the moment of his making his will in my favor would be scandalous."

The Grand Prévôt of Auvergne moved quietly nearer to the marquis, until, finding himself within a proper distance, he sprang forward, seized him, lifted him in the air and then threw him heavily on the ground, and placed his knee upon the prostrate man's chest. With such rapid impetuosity were all these movements executed, that the point of his dagger was already at the marquis's throat before one of the men-at-arms could come to his assistance.

"Companions!" cried De Maurevert, turning



SFORZI ADVANCED FROM THE CROWD TO WITHIN THREE PACES OF THE KING.

towards the stupefied rebels, "if one of you advance a single step, I will pin this villainous owl to the ground! Take my word for it, this event is the most fortunate that could happen for you. I pledge my word as a soldier, as a captain, that as many of you as at once throw down their arms shall be absolved from their crime of rebellion, and allowed to go, safe and sound, wherever they please, without being further incommoded or molested. It is simply your lives which I offer you; for in ten minutes the château will be in the power of the royal troops, and you will all be massacred or hung. As to the marquis's vengeance, you need not trouble yourselves about that—his account is settled! If you are so mad as to decline to accept my generous pardon, I at once withdraw it, and hand as many of you as remain to be dealt with to the speedy justice of the Royal Commissioners. Decide at once!"

The deliberations of the rebels lasted barely half a minute.

"Monseigneur," said one of the chiefs, stepping from the ranks, "everybody knows that Captain de Maurevert has never failed in one of his engagements. We thank you for our pardon, and lay down our arms. Besides this, be assured, monseigneur, that but for the fear inspired in us by the cruelty of the marquis, not one of us would ever have consented to fight against his gracious majesty, our Seigneur Henry III., King of France."

"Death, companions!" cried De Maurevert, "your submission is made just in time. Do you hear those trumpets sounding the assault? Five minutes later you would every one of you have been put to the sword. Stay near me; but for that, I will not be answerable for your safety."

De Maurevert spoke the truth—scarcely a quarter of an hour passed before the royal troops overran the château, mercilessly massacring all the enemies who fell into their hands.

The Marquis de la Tremblais, firmly bound,

like a vulgar criminal, had been placed by De Maurevert in charge of a company of pikemen. The excellent Grand Prévôt had eagerly discharged this responsibility, so as to afford himself entire liberty to pillage.

As to Raoul, with cheeks bathed in tears, he held aloof in one of the embrasures.

"Oh!—why," he said to himself—"why has my presentiment not been realized? Wretch that I am, I have dared to threaten the life of my own brother—of my older brother, the head of my family. I regard myself with horror! But I will expiate my fault—my crime! Never, while I live, shall his head fall upon the scaffold! Let the Royal Commissioners condemn him—they have the right to do so; but I have the power to pardon him, and will employ it. Monsieur de Harlai may accuse me of perjury; the king may withdraw his favor from me, may banish me; Diane may demand of me an account of the blood of her mother; the many victims of the Marquis de la Tremblais may curse me; I may become to all an object of contempt and horror; but I shall rather endure these reproaches and disgraces than the voice of my conscience which, if I give up the marquis to the hands of the executioner, will incessantly cry to me: 'Cain, what have you done with your brother?'"

The work of slaughter at length ceased. Of four hundred men who had defended the château, only those who had laid down their arms at De Maurevert's call were saved from pitiless massacre.

At midnight, when the camp had settled down in stillness, Raoul sought De Maurevert, whom he found stretched upon the earth and sleeping soundly after the terrible fatigues of the day, but at a spot apparently the most ill-chosen for repose—that is to say on the threshold of the door of the guard-room in which the Marquis de la Tremblais was confined.

"Ah!—it is you, is it, dear companion," said

De Maurevert opening his eyes on rising from his recumbent position. "I expected you."

"Expected me, De Maurevert?"

"Undoubtedly—and, in proof of it, I laid myself down on this uncomfortable stone instead of in my own bed. Your intention in coming here is to save the marquis. Do not attempt to deceive me—you have not the least faculty for telling falsehoods."

"Well, suppose my intentions were such as you say, captain?"

"Then, my beloved Sforzi, I should oppose the accomplishment of the said intentions," interrupted the Grand Prévôt, coolly.

"Take care, De Maurevert! If you dispose of force I have the power of right. You might have to pay very dear at some future time for your present disobedience!"

"Threats from you to me, my dear Raoul!" said the captain, with a pained expression; "that would constitute the crime of breach of friendship. Dear companion, before going into a passion, at least do me the favor to explain yourself."

He paused for a moment; then, taking the chevalier's silence for acquiescence, he proceeded:

"That his majesty has conferred on you the right to pardon is nothing to me. I only know, and only care to know, one thing—that in my capacity of General-in-Chief of the royal troops, I am sole master in my camp.

There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that if, after all the blood and money that has been spent to get possession of the marquis's person, I were to set him at liberty, the Royal Commissioners would bring me to trial and condemn me to be beheaded. Now you can hardly imagine, dear Raoul, how disagreeable it would be to me to be wholly decapitated. I cannot in reason sacrifice the pleasant remainder of my days in favor of such a man as the Marquis de la Tremblais. It is better to kill the devil than be killed by him, as the saying is. Besides, dear companion, even though I were willing to aid you in saving the marquis, the thing would be impossible. Enraged by the crimes of this monster, the army would defy my will and enter into open rebellion; the marquis would immediately be despatched—hewn in pieces—and something else would happen, for which nothing would ever console me—you would be destroyed with him! Beloved companion, take my advice: return to your tent, and leave to time and circumstances the care of events."

The reasons given by De Maurevert were so logical, so irrefutable, that Sforzi made no attempt to combat them.

"Captain," he replied, "the strongest of all the consideration you have put before me is the last; I see that to set the marquis free to-night would be to send him to death. I will await a more favorable moment. Now, De Maurevert, let me pass; I must see my brother."

"Your brother!" repeated the captain, in a tone of mingled pity and reproach. "How can you continue to call this hideous monster by that sacred name? Your brother—who sent you to the gibbet! Your brother—who did not hesitate to lay brutal hands upon your chaste Diane! Your brother—who, in the face of all, and knowing the bonds by which you were united to him, stigmatised you with the name of bastard! Your brother—who, at this very moment, when you are so insanely seeking to



devote yourself for his safety, has but one thought, one desire—to quench the hatred he feels for you in your blood."

"You mistake me, De Maurevert," replied Sforzi, sadly; "not only do I feel no affection for the marquis, but it requires all the force of my will to prevent myself being filled with sentiments of hatred against him. Let him be what he may, the Seigneur de la Tremblais is none the less the son of my mother. I ask you, captain, if the marquise were now living, do you think she would counsel me to desert my brother?"

The captain—who was fond of recalling the memory of his own mother, which, in his rough and strange fashion, he worshipped as that of a saint—felt his eyes grow dim with moisture, and he suffered the chevalier to pass without further opposition into the room in which the marquis was confined.

"Marquis de la Tremblais," said Raoul, with a broken voice, on finding himself in his brother's presence, "you, doubtless, guess the object of my visit?"

"Perfectly, monsieur," replied the marquis, smiling contemptuously. "You desire to enjoy my humiliation, to feast on the sight of my sufferings—in perfect security."

"Monsieur," replied Raoul, gently, "you strangely mistake my intention."

"A truce to hypocrisy!" exclaimed the marquis. "It is useless for you to wear this mask of magnanimity under which your hatred attempts to hide itself! I repeat, I perfectly understand the object of your visit."

"Brother!"

"Brother!—the nearest approach to brotherhood I can detect in you, illustrious chevalier, is that you are the offspring of some peasant wench picked up by the marquis, my father, in some moment of drunkenness. Spare me the infliction of your sublime eloquence; I never care to talk with serfs. Begone!"

It was only by a terrible exercise of his will that Raoul could control the burning indignation that raged within his breast.

"Brother," he said, "the fearfulness of your position alone explains the impetuosity of your blasphemies. Strong in your pride, despoiled of your wealth, threatened with a tragic and ignominious death, you have been unable to resist the force of so many misfortunes; your reason has been overthrown by all these shocks. But calm yourself—all is not yet desperate. In the name of our sainted mother, who now looks down upon us from heaven, and inspires me with courage, I will save you. The Royal Commissioners may condemn you, fear not; his majesty has invested me with the right to pardon. Once free, you can go into some foreign country, where your name will readily open a new career to you, in which your glory will make the past forgotten."

"Monsieur Sforzi," replied the marquis, "in spite of the baseness of your condition, I might have allowed myself to be gulled by the protestations of your pretended generosity, if your actions had not strikingly given the lie to your language. How can I believe in your promises of liberty when, even while you are in my presence, you have never once thought of cutting the cords which are biting into my flesh, and which reduce me to the level of a vulgar criminal! By this detail, this omission, I see how cleverly you have played your part. One cannot think of everything, you find, most illustrious Sforzi!"

A deep blush overspread the features of the chevalier at this reproach. Without a moment's hesitation, he drew his dagger, and began to sever the cords with which the marquis was bound. If he had only seen the hideous smile which played upon his brother's lips, and the expression of sinister delight in his face, he would assuredly have paused, terrified, in the midst of his generous labor.

The moment the last bond was severed, the marquis uttered a yell of triumph, and snatching the dagger from Raoul's hand, endeavored to plunge it into his bosom. As much grieved as alarmed by this infamous attack, Sforzi had but just sufficient time and presence of mind to parry the blow with his arm, which was pierced through.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, springing back, "forgive him and me, and give me strength to remain worthy of you!"

At that moment De Maurevert rushed into the room. A glance sufficed to make him understand, or rather to guess, the marquis's treason.

"Death of my life!" he cried, "I am a little late!"

Dashing upon the marquis, he seized him by the throat with his right hand, and by the point with his left, and lifting him as easily as if he had been an infant, threw him heavily on the ground. Such was the violence of the fall that the miserable man lay without motion or consciousness on the stone floor.

"By the locks of Monsieur Absalom!" cried De Maurevert, turning to Raoul, "you have got no more than your deserts. To play with vipers is to run the risk of getting bitten! But you are deadly pale! Are you seriously hurt? I will reprimand you later. Show me your wound."

"It is nothing, captain," replied Sforzi, in a voice broken by tears.

"Oh! if it is no worse than sentimental suffering my mind is made easy, dear Raoul. At least try and learn something from this lesson. I hope you will be for ever cured of the mania for petting tigers. Good! Now you are kneeling by the marquis, and taking as much trouble to bring him to his senses as if he were a woman! He is certainly mad, this dear Raoul!"

Death!—if Madame de Maurevert, my honored mother, had given me such a brother I should long ago have wrung his neck! I would lay a wager, this dear Sforzi still meditates pardoning this miscreant. *Tudieu!*—that would be too absurd! May Lucifer make me dance an infernal saraband if I allow Raoul to dishonor himself by any such outrageous weakness."

When the marquis returned to consciousness, the first person his eyes rested on was Raoul, who was supporting him in his arms.

"Back, bastard!" he cried—"your contact fills me with horror! Back, I say!"

Sforzi rose and staggered away from the chateau; but on reaching the door, he turned and said:

"May heaven forgive me the thoughts of hatred with which the sight of you now inspires me! Yes; I hate you with all the strength of my soul! But fear nothing; the support of our sainted mother will enable the son to dominate the man; I will do my duty, and you shall be saved!"

At these words, so entirely unexpected, the marquis trembled, and appeared to hesitate. For a moment—only for a moment, it is true—a gleam of sentiment seemed to relax the muscles of his countenance; but almost instantly his pride regained its wonted ascendancy.

"Monsieur Sforzi," he said, in a tone of superb superiority, "the Tremblais are not accustomed to accept assistance from adventurers! I will have nothing to do with your protection."

Three days after this interview between the two brothers, the Marquis de la Tremblais arrived at night-fall, in the city of Clermont. The immense crowd, assembled to witness the return of the royal army, received the captive with cries of "Death!"

## CHAPTER LIX.

### THE RECOMPENSE.

The Royal Commissioners, assembled in council, determined on having the marquis brought before them the following day to receive judgment, so anxious were they to have done with this great criminal, whose chastisement assured the double triumph of the law and of the king.

At first the marquis utterly refused to plead, or to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court before which he was arraigned; but after a mysterious conference with the Grand Prévôt, and to the great satisfaction of the Royal Commissioners, he declared himself ready to defend himself.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a tone of high arrogance, "if I now deign to descend to justification of my acts, let it be understood that I do not any the more recognize the power of my judges. My only intention is to show that the crusade entered upon by a set of lawyers against men of the sword is as unique as it is odious. I desire to exculpate the noblesse from the lying and ridiculous accusations brought against them. In the first place, I boldly declare as false, calumnious, and unworthy of credence, all that has been stated by the Procureur-General concerning myself. I defy any one to prove any of the charges brought against my person, and I engage to overthrow his laboriously-wrought scaffolding of lies!"

The impudent defence of the accused gave the greatest satisfaction to Monsieur de Harlai, who saw that it would give the most striking force and effect to his condemnation. The rest of the sitting, which was carried on till night, was spent in the production of formidable accusations on the one side and brazen denials on the other. Little cared the marquis that his crimes were proven to the last title of evidence; his desire was to gain time. Thus, in proportion as the day declined, the smile upon his features became more and more observable.

Exhausted by fatigue, the judges at length adjourned the trial to the following day.

Two hours later, De Maurevert, bearing the torch, and furnished with a pass in the handwriting of his Majesty's Commissioner Extraordinary, Monsieur le Chevalier Sforzi, entered the dungeon in which the marquis had been placed on being removed from the court.

"You have come at last, captain!" cried De la Tremblais, his gloomy visage lighting suddenly with joy. "The hour of liberty has struck then?"

"Not the hour of liberty, O miserable assassin, but of justice!" replied the Grand Prévôt, in a solemn voice.

The marquis uttered a cry of terror; for in the dark and implacable expression of his visitor's face he read his sentence of death.

"Mercy! mercy!" he cried.

"Mercy, do you say, wretch?" replied De Maurevert. "You have none to expect, for I have not come to avenge myself. If my dagger is presently to be thrown blood-stained at my feet, it is not, marquis, because you once ordered me to be executed on a gibbet, but because I do not wish that, by dying on a scaffold, you should dishonor my beloved companion, Sforzi!—Address your last prayer to heaven!"

While this lugubrious scene was passing in the prison of Clermont, a discussion, partaking almost of the character of a quarrel, was taking place in the house of the Marquis de Canilhac, and in his presence, between Monsieur de Harlai and Sforzi.

"Monsieur," cried Raoul, at last, "my body belongs to his majesty—my soul to heaven! Let the king punish me for what you call my treason; but I will not imbrue my hands in the blood of my brother!"

"But, monsieur," replied De Harlai, "your punishment will be the scaffold!"

"I prefer, innocent before heaven, to lay my

head upon the block, than to live honored by all, but tortured by remorse and despising myself! I repeat, the Marquis de la Tremblais shall not die!"

"The Marquis de la Tremblais is already dead," said De Maurevert, at that moment entering the room. That brave and noble gentleman has despatched himself with the stroke of a dagger, to escape the ignominy of his doom. On visiting him in his dungeon, just now, I found him manacled like the vilest criminal; and as that seemed to me to pass all bounds of reason, I was in the act of releasing him from his bonds, when he seized my dagger and incontinently stabbed himself to the heart. I shall never console myself for having lost, by my imprudence, the pleasure I anticipated from witnessing the spectacle of his execution! May heaven have mercy on his soul."

Three months had passed since the death of the Marquis de la Tremblais. The fall of the audacious rebel had made the task of the Royal Commissioners an easy one. The noblesse, astounded by the firmness displayed by the envoys extraordinary of the king, had bowed their heads without further seeking to impede the course of justice. More than fifteen hundred culprits had been tried or convicted by contumacy, and a considerable number of castles demolished. The small feudal tyrants of the province of Auvergne, weighed down by terror, hastened—according as their antecedents were more or less tainted—either to emigrate or to tender their submission. The royal authority, triumphant on all hands at one and the same time, was able, without fear of being accused of weakness, at length to show itself generous and clement.

Since the tragic death of his brother, Raoul had received from the king a signal mark of favor. In an autograph letter, Henry III. had deigned to announce to him that the confiscation pronounced against the possessions, fiefs, and chateau of the marquise de la Tremblais, had been revoked in his favor. Some tender expressions used by the king in the course of this letter proved to Raoul that he was still held in affectionate remembrance by his majesty, and permitted him to anticipate a brilliant future.

As to De Maurevert, a notable change had taken place in him since—by stabbing him—he had saved the Seigneur de la Tremblais from the scaffold. His air had become grave and reflective; he shunned Raoul's company and sought solitude. In vain did the chevalier, ignorant of the cause of his friend's gloom, load him with demonstrations of attachment and proofs of amity; the Grand Prévôt, while showing himself to be touched by his friend's regard, did not in the least relax the rigor of his reserve.

"Dear companion," said Raoul to him, the evening on which he received the royal despatch, "I'm now rich for ever: after having partaken of my ill fortune, it would be wrong of you to refuse to share my opulence. I hope that we shall never part again."

"Beloved Raoul," replied De Maurevert, with true emotion, "the prospect of passing my old age near you would once have filled me with joy; but an insurmountable obstacle now opposes the realization of that dream."

"What obstacle, captain?"

"It would take too long to tell you, my good Raoul; let it suffice you to know that a great change has taken place in my ideas. European life appears to me always melancholy and irksome in the extreme; I am satiated with politics, weary of hearing the same cries raise the same hatreds—'Long live the king!—Down with the Valois!—To the stake with the Seigneurs de Guise!—Death to the princes of Lorraine!—Luther for ever!—Down with the Huguenots!—These cross purposes become a bore at last.'"

"Reason the more for coming and sharing my tranquil retreat, dear companion."

"A tranquil retreat in France!—dear Raoul, there cannot be such a thing. In our beautiful country, the only security against being crushed by either one or other of two parties at war, is to take sides with one or other of them; neutrality simply leaves you to be cudgelled before and behind at the same moment. Besides, I do not yet feel old enough to retire from work. I hold enormously to enjoying the Indian summer of my life!—I shall betake myself to the new world."

"To the new world?"

"Yes, dear friend, I have recently become acquainted with a hardy adventurer who has shown me the horizon of which I have often dreamt. It appears that across the seas—I do not know precisely where—there exists a kingdom where the sands are golden and the stones diamonds. This enchanting country has been discovered by the Spaniards. According to the account given me by my new companion, life in this happy country is all that is most varied and delightful. In short, my determination is irrevocably fixed to go to this new world of wonders and agreeable modes of spending one's existence."

With overwhelming regret, Raoul saw that nothing could turn De Maurevert from his purpose. A week later, the Grand Prévôt suddenly entered his friend's chamber.

"Dear companion," he said, "I have come to bid you farewell. I start this evening,—Raoul, I have loved you sincerely—I love you still—I shall for ever love you. I shall never cease to remember you—the recollection of you will never be absent from my mind. Farewell!—Do not answer me, I beseech you. I feel that if

you speak to me I shall fall into a state of weak sensibility—ridiculous at my age! Tears on a grey moustache are like dewdrops on a blade of withered grass—ugly. Embrace me! Once more!—I love you, Raoul, as if you were my own son! And Diane, I love her also. She will make you happy—she is worthy to accompany through life a man of high honor and courage like you. Only, do not allow her to gain too great a mastery over your mind—it is always as well not to trust women too much. Thousand thunders!—my eyes are dimmed! Adieu, Raoul!—adieu! For the last time!—for ever!"

The giant pressed Sforzi once more to his breast, then tore himself away, and hurried out of the room without turning his head.

A week after the departure of De Maurevert, an event of the highest importance threw the province of Auvergne into a state of excitement. It was announced that his majesty Henry III., on his return from a pilgrimage which he had made in company with the Queen to Notre-Dame-de-Liesse, proposed to pass through Clermont.

The royal entry was made on a beautiful day in winter, the way being lined with crowds of enthusiastic spectators and decorated with triumphal arches, though his Majesty had signified his intention of preserving a strict incognito. After partaking of a collation which was spread for him at the house of Monsieur de Canilhac, the king rose from table, and crossing to Monsieur de Harlai, who had assisted at the repast, said:

"Father, I shall never be able sufficiently to reward the services which you and the Seigneur de la Tremblais have rendered me in Auvergne. You have surpassed the confidence which I placed in your probity, firmness, and wisdom. My appreciation of your great virtues, however, must not prevent my doing justice and right, Seigneur de Beaumont. I must not forget that it was the Seigneur de la Tremblais who first advised me to institute the Royal Commission. Approach, Raoul."

Sforzi advanced from the crowd to within three paces of the king. A lively blush overspread his face. He remembered how near, in his desire to save his brother, he had been to the breaking of his oath. Henry III. gazed at him for a few seconds in silence; the young man's embarrassment, which he took for timidity, greatly pleased him.

"Raoul," he said at length, in a gentle and caressing tone of voice, "your fatigues have not in any way injured the freshness and beauty of your countenance; you are, indeed, better looking than I thought. Marquis de la Tremblais, your devotion to royalty, the striking manner in which you have acquitted yourself of your difficult mission, lead me to desire to attach you specially to my person. You will console me for the ingratitude of my son, De Joyeuse, who, since his marriage, loves me only for interest. Marquis de la Tremblais, request of me what position at Court you choose, and I pledge you my royal word that I will shrink from no sacrifice to gratify your wishes."

Hardly had Henry III. ceased speaking, before a low, half stifled cry was heard in the midst of the crowd which had been admitted to the honor of assisting at the king's repast.

Raoul recognized the voice of Diane and turned pale; but, restrained by the presence of the king, he could not fly to her aid.

"Sire," he said, "I know not how to thank your majesty for the bounties with which he overwhelms me; my entire life will not suffice to repay my debt of gratitude. Sire, there is one favor which, if you deign to grant it, will make me the happiest gentleman in your kingdom."

"Speak, Raoul," replied Henry III., accompanying this permission with a smile of encouragement, "I recommend only to you one thing: beware of the promptings of your rare disinterestedness. Be assured that however ambitious your wish may be, I shall not be offended by it. Explain yourself, therefore, in all confidence."

"Sire," said Raoul, "the conduct of the Marquis de la Tremblais, my late brother, has stained the honor of my family. I humbly ask your majesty's authorization to change my name."

This request, which the assembled persons imagined to be a piece of *adroit* courtiership, and which won Raoul their entire admiration, caused a lively pleasure to the king.

"Your request, my son," he said, "is a new proof of devotion towards my person. Choose amongst your fiefs which place you please, and I will erect it into a duchy."

"Sire," replied Raoul, his emotion so great as almost to stifle the words he was pronouncing, "I desire, if such is your majesty's good pleasure, to bear the name of my affianced—of the noble Demoiselle d'Erlanges."

At this response, so entirely unexpected, Henry III. started involuntarily.

"Monsieur," he said, in a tone touched with sadness, "the King of France can but hold to his word. Your request is granted."

Henry III. moved away several steps, but suddenly turned and went back towards Raoul.

"Raoul," he said, in an agitated tone, "reflect well before coming to a final decision. I will not conceal from you that I view with pain the prospect of your marrying. A married servant no longer belongs to his king. He submits to the influence of his wife, and ceases to be himself. Look at De Joyeuse!—Marquis, I repeat to you for the last time, my intentions towards you are the most kindly."

"Sire," replied Raoul, "it is not in the power of words to express my gratitude for the unexampled bounty you have deigned to show to wards me. May your majesty pardon the avowal



which my loyalty compels me to make. I would gladly shed the last drops of my blood in his service; but I do not feel strong enough to sacrifice my happiness."

"And this noble Demoiselle d'Erlanges—where is she?" said Henry III., after a moment's pause.

"Here, sire—near your majesty."

"Let this marvel approach," said the king, in a tone of irony.

At this command, and with her face suffused with blushes, Diane tremblingly advanced towards the king, who contemplated her for some little time in silence.

"Madame," he said at length, "your hand." Then detaching from his collar a ring of enormous value, he placed it upon one of Diane's fingers, adding—"Madame, be good enough to leave to me the care of your wedding presents. Approach also, marquis."

Henry III. took Raoul's hand and placed that of Diane within it; then, after gazing for a few moments on the kneeling couple, he moved away murmuring:

"Poor kings!—so envied, yet so much to be pitied!"

THE END.

#### A SUMMER NOON.

A dell knee-deep with flower-sprinkled grass, Grand, stately beeches, on whose silvery bark, Deep-cut are lovers' names; tall feathery ferns, Wherein the rabbit crouches—nodding cups Of myriad harebells, wealth of orchid-blossoms, Lie 'neath the warm glow of a summer noon. The lazy sun-gold flickers on the leaves, And in the blackthorn-thicket, voiceless, mute, Couches the blackbird, resting until eve, When he again may tune his mellow pipe.

Nature is hushed, and her siesta takes, Beneath the ardent sun-rays—all is still! The wearied waggoner—his face on arm—Lies slumbering on the hay-cart, moments brief

Of swift forgetfulness, quick-snatched from toil, And doubly sweet the theft. The crickets rest Amid the ripening wheat; the grasshopper Has ceased his amorous chirp; the very reeds Scarce care to bend them in the river breeze, For all creation seeks a brief sweet rest.

Drowsily in the passion-flowers hum Brown-banded bees, and on the unripe peach Marauder-wasps settle in pirate swarms, Eager for plunder. From the green leaves peep The ripening nectarines and apricots; The jargonelle hangs reddening on the wall, And the first purple hue of lusciousness Tinges the mellowing plum; the sovereign quince Is burdened with her treasures; yellowing globes

Of apples bend the laden orchard boughs Low to the rank, tall grass; rich mulberries Color apace, and the green hazel-nuts Begin to change to russet, bounteous gifts Of God-directed nature unto man!

All The Year Round.

#### A BALLOON RETROSPECT.

A LETTER OF 1940 TO BE READ IN 1873.

NEW YORK, July 21, 1940.

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—It is now more than fifty years since the sun began to arise in the west; in other words, since that memorable time when the earth stood still for days together, when in the long darkness which reigned throughout the hemisphere men's hearts failed them because of fear, and thousands died from fright alone. Ah! well I remember it all, as distinctly as though it were an affair of last week.

No fact is more fully admitted now than that of the existence of an upper air current moving around the globe. When you and I embarked on the mammoth "Graphic" last year, in London, with seventeen hundred passengers on board, not a soul was there who did not know of the existence of this current, and who did not trust with certainty that it would land the great aerial ship in New York within forty-eight hours. This westward current swept eastward when I was a lad. Nor was it generally known that such a current existed. It was believed in by the first aeronaut who crossed the Atlantic, Mr. Wise; but scientific men, prior to that period, had not generally adopted it. They could give no satisfactory reason for the revolution of the earth upon its axis. But that first transatlantic voyage settled the question, and the construction of vast air-ships, and the establishment of a regular line of them around the world, was but the work of a few years. They were not so large then as now, for no ship, prior to the change of the current, carried more than 1,200 people, and you remember that the *Monarch* brought over 3,500 on one of her trips last summer. In fact, there were not many improvements in aerial navigation during the first twenty years of which I speak. The electro-magnetic engine which has for many years taken the place of steam, and which propels the great air-ships to Europe against the current in four days, was not then thought of. Nor could gas be generated from the atmosphere during a voyage.

I said it was fifty years ago. Let me see.

Yes, fifty years one week from to-day. I was then engaged as night editor on *The Daily Graphic*. It must have been between twelve and one o'clock at night, while running over the contents of the despatches, my eye fell on something like the following dated at Boston:

"Word comes from the Cambridge Observatory that there are indications of a fearful calamity about to befall our world. No further particulars received."

I paid little heed to the despatch, but in half an hour came the following:

"A terrible fate hourly awaits our globe and its inhabitants! The diurnal motion of the earth is ceasing; it grows less and less each moment. No sun will rise in the morning."

Within a half hour similar messages came from the different observatories of the country. The news was carried to the street and through the city. Two hundred guns were fired at the Battery, the bells were rung, and before three o'clock everybody was awake and out of doors. But no great change was manifest to people who were ignorant of the true position of the planets and stars. In the meantime, despatches came thick and fast from London, Dresden, Pekin, and evidently there was a reign of terror everywhere. In Pekin it was broad day and the sun was standing still. We issued an *Extra Graphic* at four o'clock in the morning, and sold a hundred thousand copies. The multitude on the street declared that the sun would rise as usual; but, when they saw there was no indication of dawn, no ray of light in the east, they went wild with despair. It was a fearful sight indeed. Towards eight o'clock there were indications of a reign of lawlessness, and the Mayor issued a proclamation to the effect that any man found committing an act of depredation might be shot down by the nearest observer. Cannon and soldiers were placed in many localities, and no serious trouble occurred. Indeed, thousands of the worst characters were found in and around the churches, perfectly panic-stricken, on their knees in prayer. Every drinking saloon was ordered to be closed up, but the order was scarcely necessary, as the liquor dealers seemed more terrified than any other class. The proprietors of one of the largest wholesale establishments, at eight o'clock, went deliberately at work and stove in the head of every cask on his premises, and then rushed down to Trinity Church. People all at once became astonishingly liberal, and gave away their money as though it had been but drops. At A. T. Stewart's, and hundreds of other places, bills were posted up inviting employes to call at the office as usual on Saturday night for their pay. The horse railroads and steamboats carried everybody free. There was but one notable exception, and that was the gas companies, who shut off their gas on the street at half-past eight, leaving the city in total darkness, and the officers declared that they must have some pledge of payment from the city ere they would light it again. But the Mayor immediately sent the Seventh Regiment to take possession of all the gas-works, and from that time these works have been owned and controlled by the city.

The first news of importance which came from Europe was a telegram, sent on the third day of the darkness, stating that a party of journalists were going up in one of the second-class ships, in hope of finding a current at a higher altitude. Later news came that the balloon, after attaining a height of about four miles, was seen to shoot rapidly westward. On the following afternoon this ship came down at Central Park station; and the captain stated that he had never witnessed such a gale. This was good news indeed. Many predicted that the earth would soon begin to move again, and that the long-wished-for sun would return. And so I hoped as I entered my state-room on board the "Donaldson," having been appointed by *The Daily Graphic* to accompany the London and New York journalists westward. We made San Francisco in fifteen hours, driven as by a hurricane. There we took on board several representatives of the press, and away we flew towards the light of day.

And what a wild scene there was on board when we shot into the broad daylight over a sea as calm as a mountain lake, past islands all glorious in sunshine, on, on, until we sighted the pagodas of Pekin and came down at the station.

And here we heard the welcome news. Slowly the great world was again moving on her course. An Almighty Engineer, whom winds and waves obey, had reversed her motion, and slowly she was obeying his behest.

And this is how the sun came to arise in the west. At some future time I may write you further particulars of our home voyage. How I saw London when the sun first gilded the spire of St. Paul's, after the long, long night, and how the people went wild with joy, and many other things which I have not now time to write.—*Daily Graphic*.

A COUNTRY newspaper commences an article with the following sage observation, "Few persons build a story and a half house who do not very soon regret that they had not made it two story." There is a great deal of morality and not a little philosophy in this remark. In the conduct of life there is nothing like starting out for enough. There is great good in trying for just a little more than we shall probably win. All men who have been successful have done this. Human achievement must always be something smaller than the best human aspiration. Try for a two story house, and you will at least get a story and a half, perhaps with a Mansard roof thrown in!

#### TATTOOING, SAVAGE AND CIVILISED (?).

The practice of tattooing, or indelibly marking the skin with colored pigments, is very ancient, and has probably at some period or other been adopted by nearly every nation on the globe. In the south of Europe, Northern Africa, all over Asia, portions of America, and in Australia, New Zealand, and the numberless islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, has this practice been followed as an art in some period of their history; whilst among more civilised nations, it is not an uncommon custom in certain classes of the community, being adopted through motives of curiosity or to gratify some passing whim.

The operation is a troublesome and painful one, but in some countries it is fashionable, and is considered honorable, and what will not people undergo for the sake of vieing with their neighbors in ornament and appearance?

The method of tattooing adopted in the present day amongst ourselves does not differ much from that used by barbarous tribes in remote ages, except in the kind of pigment used to produce the stain. In all cases, in order to produce a permanent result, it is necessary to remove the epidermis or outer skin—which is constantly changing, and is partly destroyed at every operation of washing—so as to expose the derma or true skin. This is a thin, delicate membrane, very fully supplied with fine blood-vessels, so that it is impossible to puncture it without causing bleeding; and any stain passing through this membrane will be permanent, and visible through the dry scales forming the epidermis.

The instrument most commonly used is made of three or four needles tied together, and fastened at the end of a piece of wood which forms a handle; but the point of a knife, or a surgeon's lancet, will do equally well. The device to be tattooed is drawn upon the skin, and then by a quick lateral motion, like a prick and a scratch combined, exactly as a surgeon performs the operation of vaccination, the outer skin is removed, and this is continued until the blood exudes over the whole of the surface operated upon. The coloring matter is then rubbed into the exposed skin, and passes partly through it into the delicate capillary vessels ruptured by the instrument. Indigo, Indian ink, and gunpowder are the substances chiefly employed by modern tattooers; but various colored earths are still used in some countries, and probably were entirely used among savage tribes—where tattooing was employed for ornament and as a mark of rank and position—before their discovery by Europeans.

After the operation is performed, the parts become inflamed and swollen, and are very painful for some days; the amount of inflammation depending upon the area of skin operated upon, and the extent to which the operation is carried. It ought to be stopped immediately blood is drawn by the needles, so that the pigment injected may remain in the fine veins, and not be drawn into the general circulation. As soon as the inflammation has subsided, and the outer skin has again grown over the place, the design tattooed is shown in permanent color on the surface of the body, the hue varying from a greenish blue to black, according to the pigment used; and this, if properly performed, will remain distinct during life, becoming very slightly fainter through lapse of time.

We have spoken of tattooing as an art, and this it undoubtedly is among certain nations and tribes, especially in New Zealand and some of the South-Sea Islands. In many cases the whole of the face is covered with well-drawn symmetrical figures; in others nearly the entire body is thus operated on. Darwin, in his *Voyage round the World*, informs us that at Tahiti he found "most of the men tattooed, and the ornaments follow the curvature of the body so gracefully that they have a very elegant effect. One common pattern, varying in its details, is somewhat like the crown of a palm-tree. It springs from the central line of the back, and gracefully curls round both sides. The simile may be a fanciful one, but I thought the body of a man thus ornamented was like the trunk of a noble tree embraced by a delicate creeper. Many of the elder people had their feet covered with small figures so as to resemble a sock. This fashion, however, has partly gone by, and has been succeeded by others. Here, although fashion is far from immutable, every one must abide by that prevailing in his youth. An old man has thus his age for ever stamped upon his body, and he cannot assume the airs of a young dandy. The women are tattooed in the same manner as the men, and very commonly on their fingers.

M. de Bougainville, writing of Tahiti, says: "Both sexes have a custom of staining their bodies, which they call tattooing; and both men and women have the hinder parts of their thighs and loins marked very thick with black lines in various forms. These marks are made by striking the teeth of an instrument, somewhat like a comb, just through the skin, and rubbing into the punctures a kind of paste made of soot and oil, which leaves an indelible stain."

The same kind of instrument is used by the New Zealanders, most of the South-Sea Islanders, and also by the Chinese and Japanese at the present day. This art is practised as a profession among these barbarous tribes as painting and other decorative arts are in civilised communities, and operators travel about the country for this purpose. Mr. Darwin, in the charming *Voyage from which we have already quoted*, tells us that in New Zealand the wives of the missionaries tried to persuade the native women not to be tattooed, "but a famous oper-

ator having arrived from the south, they said, 'We really must just have a few lines on our lips; else when we grow old our lips will shrivel, and we shall be so very ugly.' There is not nearly so much tattooing as formerly; but as it is a badge of distinction between the chief and the slave, it will probably long be practised. So soon does any train of ideas become habitual, that the missionaries told me that even in their eyes a plain face looked mean, and like that of a New Zealand gentleman."

The degree of rank of a New Zealand chief is indicated by the greater or less surface of skin covered by these indelible marks, and they give to a chief of position a most forbidding and ferocious aspect. When the face is covered, the lines are made to follow the curves of the features, and are thus symmetrical, although complicated; and the play of the muscles being hidden, and in some cases the superficial muscles being perhaps destroyed by the operation, an air of rigid inflexibility is given to the countenance, which serves to increase their otherwise savage and barbarous appearance.

Among some tribes, too, tattooing is the method of recording prizes for agility in running or dexterity in the chase, as well as for warlike exploits, and these, in some islands of the North Pacific and Chinese Seas, take the form of fantastical figures of flowers, trees, and animals. The same method is also adopted by some tribes of North American Indians, to distinguish those who are eminent for bravery or other qualifications, every instance of heroism being in this way marked by some appropriate ornament.

In Morocco, too, it was formerly the practice for the women, "to add to their beauty, to imprint on their face, neck, and almost every part of their body representations of flowers and other figures," but tattooing among the Moors is now almost entirely obsolete.

In China and Japan tattooing has reached a high state of perfection, though here as in other civilised countries it is not used—or very rarely—as an adornment to those parts of the body usually exposed to view, but rather as a matter of curiosity on parts covered by clothing. There are some exceptions to this rule however. In the island of Saghalien, for instance, it is very common to tattoo the upper lip all over of a blue color. The Japanese, by the use of different colored clays and other pigments, produce pictures of animals and portraits in the natural hues, with tints and shadings of color which are quite artistic in character. Many of the operators have a considerable number of designs, by which means they stamp rather than draw the figures, in the same way as the South-Sea Islanders.

In our own country tattooing has for a long time been commonly practised among certain classes of people, chiefly the poorer, and such as are branded together in large numbers, and are at certain times cut off from intercourse with society. That such freaks of folly are not confined to these classes, however, is fully shown by the evidence given in that *cause célèbre* which has, during the past two years, given rise to so much excitement in this country, so that "the tattoo marks" has now become "familiar in our mouths as household words." It is, however, among our sailors, "navvies," and, strange to say, among our thieves, that we must now look for examples of civilised (?) tattooing.

It is, perhaps, not much to be wondered at that seamen, confined in numbers to a very limited area and often thrown upon their own resources for a considerable portion of their time, should find some relief for their pent up energies in tattooing each other.

In some cases, the most elaborate or the most fantastic designs are faintly traced, and with the help of a few needles and a little indigo are indelibly fixed on the skin of the tar who patiently submits to this species of torture. We have seen on the breast of a bronzed and stalwart seaman in Her Majesty's service, in fine dark blue etching, a full-rigged three-decker, with her port-holes, guns, masts, spars, and rigging, correctly drawn, while a somewhat disproportionate cable from the same ship passed over his shoulder and down his broad back, where she was securely anchored. The exuberant spirit of our sailors occasionally finds vent in this way in the most extravagant and ridiculous ideas; but perhaps the commonest "tattoo marks" they indulge in are a ring round the finger and round the wrist, and the favorite anchor on the fore-arm. One or other of these is almost universal.

Jack is also very fond of imprinting the name of his ship on his breast; or if he has the luck to have been in an engagement, he is sure to record the same on his flesh, much in the same way as an Alpine traveller records the ascent of snowy mountain peaks on his Alpenstock.

The arrival of an English ship in Japanese waters is a windfall for the native artist. In spite of remonstrances and threats of punishment from their superior officers, the young midshipmen, and those sailors whose good fortune it is to obtain leave to go ashore, usually return with a well executed portrait of some fair member of the softer sex imprinted on the arm or elsewhere, which will remain with them during life, often to their great regret in after-years, however proud they may be of their achievement before the novelty has worn away. Many sailors are not satisfied with one figure, but have their arms and sometimes the chest more or less covered.

The custom of tattooing is very common among navvies engaged on large railway works, reservoirs, and other undertakings, especially in remote country districts. It does not prevail, however, to so large an extent in this class of



men as amongst sailors, either individually or generally, the excavator being usually content with a ring round his finger, or his initials in very rude characters, though if the operator is an artist, or aspires to that position, an anchor or a heart may be attempted. Gunpowder is the substance most frequently used by these people as a pigment, the resulting stain being a bluish black, and very permanent.

It is a surprising fact, that among that portion of the population who obtain a livelihood by helping themselves to goods belonging to others, tattooing is a very common practice. For the sake of their own safety, we should suppose such men would carefully avoid marking their bodies in any way that would help their identification; but criminal statistics show us that the contrary is the fact, and that they often perversely disfigure themselves by tattooed pictures which remain on them during life. Immediately on the conviction of any person, a full description of marks upon any part of his body, however minute, is duly entered in a "Register;" so that should the delinquent at any future time be "wanted," an accurate and graphic portrait of him can be circulated throughout the country; and cases are not rare where, although height, complexion, whiskers, hair, and general appearance might cause suspicion to fall upon a man without being sufficient evidence on which to arrest him, "tattoo mark on right arm—small anchor, with F. G. below," or some other equally decisive symbol has settled the matter, and led to the apprehension of the party.

Undoubtedly, the most interesting case of tattooing which has engaged the attention of the public in modern times, is that arising out of the trial of the claimant of the Tichborne estates. With the merits of that case we have not at present to deal; but the importance attached to these marks has caused public attention to be drawn to this subject in a much stronger degree than is usual. Most men have been at some period or other of their lives—perhaps most frequently at school—witnesses of, or participants in, some case of juvenile tattooing; but how few think of the important bearing these marks may have on the after-life of the person so operated upon!—*Cassell's*.

## UG.

Before Britannia ruled the waves Britons were slaves more frequently than not. The feudal lords kept them to fill vile offices; so they were little better off than the clerk of modern days. Their subjugation did not improve them, and a general heaviness was the characteristic of the ordinary Briton. Ug was an ordinary Briton—very ordinary; and though he is the hero of this story, it cannot be said of his features that any one was finely turned, except indeed his nose, and that was finely turned—up. His hair was black and matted; Nature had given him a great shock, and it consequently fell in disorder about his shoulders and down his back.\*

This natural fell, or rather fall, permitted only the lower part of his face to be seen, and that, as has been hinted, was not much to look at; but the rest of his person, from its magnitude, was as much as the eye could conveniently take in at one time. From heel to head he measured eight spans of a thief's hand, and it took four wolves' skins to cover him according to the statute bathing regulations of Alfred lib. i. cap. &c. 3 yds.). He could shake a man to death; and for this and other such qualities Surgard the Dane, whose villain he was, instead of relegating him to the scullery, kept him to scour the woods, to protect the deer from wolf and poacher, and keep the game alive generally. Deep in the forest lived he, but judging by his simple exterior, few would have imagined how deep. He had built his hut in a part almost inaccessible. Broken ground and impenetrable barriers of brambles and thick undergrowth hedged it round and about in every direction. Within these barriers was a wood of closely planted firs, whose dense crests interwove in a pall, beneath which all was black and noiseless as death. There no birds sang, and save lichen and fungi nothing grew. In his hut by day and in ranging the solitary forest-paths by night he lived in perpetual gloom. So Surgard believed, and was content. But not twenty paces from his hut lay a circular space a hundred yards in diameter, softly carpeted with yielding sward and sweet thyme, and it lay open to the blue heavens. In the centre stood a colossal oak: dead. Hundreds of years before, the Druids had worshipped beneath its spreading arms, and they said it was as old as the island. It was thought that Ug still held the ancient faith of his race, and lived here to be near his sacred oak. Certain it was he guarded it with more than a beadle's tenderness. He trained sweet honeysuckles about its enormous bole; he plucked ungainly weeds from the space about it, and rooted out the aggressive offspring of the pines as soon as they appeared above ground. Such food as singing birds are fond of he laid amongst the honeysuckle; so in the morning and evening thrushes and blackbirds and many another sweet songster sang, and the sun shone down on the spot the livelong day. Ug slept with his face turned towards the oak and his hand on his knife; and very little doubt is there

about the fate that awaited the enterprising stranger who should break into this sanctuary. But intellectual curiosity being then at a discount, no old gentlemen or young ladies sought to work their way through the before-mentioned obstacles; and it was fortunate for them that they were not afflicted with the penetrating faculties of modern times. Surgard had once visited the place, and Ug had been his guide; and he led him thither by the long way, which was through the brambles, and he led him thence by the short cut, which was through the air and from the top of a cliff to its bottom. Then Surgard, though not comfortable, was satisfied, and he desired to go thither and thence no more. There was but one who found his way to the hut more than once, and Osric the son of Surgard was he. Ug had loved the lad from his infancy, although apparently with little reason; for Surgard, who delighted in the degradation of others, had cruelly set the huge Briton to perform a nursemaid's duties. He had been called up at night to hush the shrieking morsel, to light fires and warm the semolina; and as perambulators were not then invented, he had been sent to carry the child whilst still in long clothes up and down the terrace to the derisive merriment of the lazy Saxon lackeys.\* But Ug, instead of hating the child, attended to its wants with tender care and solicitude, putting him in the way of becoming a healthy member of society, instead of putting him out of the way, as a less humane nurse would have done. His care was required still more when Surgard's wife, in obedience to the desires of her lord, died of a compound fracture. The time came for short-coating the little man, and Surgard commissioned Ug to find him an inexpensive suit. Remembering his own early costume, Ug sought the materials in the wood, and set about making the short clothes as short as possible. He got some wood and resinous gum, and painted a little tail-coat of blue upon Osric's little body, and in his coat of paint and a rabbit-skin for continuation, presented him to his father with joy and much pride. Later Ug taught him all he knew, and by his own example inspired the lad with courage and honesty and pity and gentleness. Some sort of pagan worship, too, he taught him, and Osric thought implicitly with Ug, until a monk taught him to know better, or worse. But the impressions he had received were never entirely effaced. Even when he was thinking of having his head shaved and wearing gray-peas in his shoes, a reverent emotion filled him as he stood before the great oak with Ug; and he seemed to hear again the spirit voices singing within it as he had heard them at a time when he was capable of believing anything.

Surgard was seated in his chair, swearing in very low Saxon at his trembling serfs who had set him there. He was a fine old Saxon, burly and red, with a fiery nose and a watery eye. He had lived not wisely but too well, laughing and quaffing and feeding in a manner rather suited to the old times than an old digestion, and now he had the fine old gout, and every indication of a noble old apoplexy coming upon him. For the last twenty years he had been carried to bed regularly at night, and from his jollity it seemed that he preferred that process to any other; but latterly he had also to be carried out of it in the morning, and from his improper language on these occasions apparently it was less pleasant.

"Where's the cold baron?" roared Surgard, striking the breakfast table with the handle of his knife, when he had exhausted his low Saxon.

"The cold baron is all gone, but there's a cold friar outside," said the jester, a miserable fool, who ventured this sorry clench to divert his lord and his lord's anger from himself.

Joy beamed amongst the fat wrinkles in Surgard's face, and for once he refrained from flinging something at the jester's head, his usual manner of repaying the poor fellow's efforts to please. He ordered the friar to be brought in at once with the trouts, and in savage joy he plunged his fangs into a knuckle of ham. Breakfast was a dull meal with Surgard, who ate not because he was hungry, but simply because it was less trying to the jaws than perpetual yawning. At that period no morning paper lay upon the breakfast table to cultivate and improve the taste with special reports of murders, petty larcenies, births, deaths, marriages, and other fearful calamities; and no early post brought begging letters and bills. Occasionally a succedaneum, as in the present instance, was provided for him by Ug. Ug, as Surgard's ranger, had authority to execute the provisions of the game laws—which then were not much better than they now are—and execute also any one offending against those laws. At the rare intervals when he did slay an offender, it was his custom

\* How he revenged himself on these rascals. is quaintly told in the old chronicle before referred to:

"I gesse he wolde those scurvie Jakes have myghtie roughlie handled,  
Hadde not that sely kyd for toe be delicatelle dandled:  
Nowe thoughe hys hondes he myght not use,  
his foot he colde, and soe  
He goeth to one scurvie Jake and kyckes hym with hys toe.  
But where he kycked hym none yknew,  
though hym they dyd yseke,  
Until at laste they founde hym in ye myddle of nexte weke,  
Whan moche ye marvel was as Ug hys kycke hym dyd not kille,  
Nathless I wot that leweller dyd make ye valet hille."

\* "He hadde hys hayre on hys backe instedde of hys cheste, where ye locks ought to goe. {Syngynge} Up wyth ye shouyl," &c.

*Chronicle of Ug.*

to carry the body to the hall and cast it upon the threshold. Surgard asked with the greatest regularity if there were any corpses this morning, exactly as we should inquire after letters, and he farther increased the parallel by drawing conclusions from the external appearance of the body as to its internal nature.

With the trouts came the holy defunct. Then the unhappy jester made a bold stroke, and suggested that the fish should be removed.

"Do nothing of the kind," said Surgard, laying violent hands on the dish, and turning one eye fondly on the trouts whilst the other was turned fiercely on the jester.

"Sire, pardon me," said the jester. "I thought you would prefer one course at a time."

Surgard threw another angry glance at the poor creature, and accompanied it with a black-jack. When he had recovered his equanimity he said, "This, if I may judge by the length of his petticoat, is a priest; and this," he continued, resting his foot on the body's chest, "if I may judge by its size, is an abbot's. Ah, me! since the times of my honest old grandfather,\* these varlets have had everything their own way—except my venison, and hem me! they shan't have that. I see nothing but ruin for poor old England now there's a prince heir to the throne who knows his letters."† His philosophical reflections were cut short by the appearance on the table of a smoking pasty, and to that he immediately devoted his entire attention. It was a delicious preparation, and the aroma pervading the hall deeply affected the hungry dependents. But far more wonderful was its influence upon the abbot. Slowly that holy man raised his hand, and laying it upon that part of his body which contained his digestive apparatus—it is necessary to be carefully delicate nowadays—solemnly he rubbed it, then audibly he smacked his lips. Surgard had disposed of the meat and the gravy, and was now beginning upon the crust, when these sounds caught his ear. He turned hastily, and looking downwards met the glassy eye of the abbot. The abbot winked and again smacked his lips. The belief in spiritualism was almost as great in that unenlightened age as at present, so that Surgard's hasty impression that these manifestations were due to diabolic agency must not be imputed to ignorance on his part. He was naturally very frightened, and notwithstanding his gout, disposed himself with great celerity in a place of safety, and alternately shrieked for mercy and called upon his serfs to throttle the abbot. That unfortunate man had for a moment imagined himself in his refectory, awakening from an unpleasant dream; but how mistaken such an idea was he quickly realised by finding six or seven heavy vassals sitting upon him. He added his shrieks to those of Surgard, but a wretch stopped his part in the duet by grasping his windpipe. At this juncture there strode into the hall a youth with long golden hair that rippled over his shoulders, a yellow beard that flowed down his breast, an aquiline nose, blue eyes, pink cheeks, coral lips, white teeth, and every other requisite of a hero who might have been a study for Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, Correggio, &c. He cried "Hold!" whereupon the rascal in charge of the abbot's gullet tightened his grasp; for all loved this youth and obeyed his commands. The abbot kicked convulsively, barking Surgard's tenderest shin, and his face became iridescent, exhibiting in one moment the several colors of a very bright rainbow. The youth observed that his word was misconceived, and followed it up by another observation addressed to the rascal. "Unhand your prostrate captive," he said. Then the rascal relaxed his hold, and the abbot felt more comfortable. Osric—for the youth was he—requested the abbot to explain the state of affairs; and this he at once commenced to do, with many preface protests of innocence. Surgard would have put an end to these protestations and the abbot at one and the same time; but Osric insisted upon the poor man having a fair hearing, and a horn of water to clear his throat withal. The abbot then declared that he had not received his wound from Ug the ranger; and to prove that what he said was the truth and no lie, he demanded that he and the ranger might be brought face to face. "So shall it be," said Surgard; "and if their accounts disagree, we'll have the ropes up, and they shall fight it out in the hall before me." This was the method of settling disagreements in those ancient times. The abbot smiled with the consciousness of innocence, and Surgard frowned with the consciousness that he should lose his sport if the abbot were innocent. Osric, whose humanity exceeded his selfishness, put back in his study with a sigh the current number of Alfred's serial ("De Gustibus non Disputandum; or the inexplicable Lichens botanically considered"), which had been his study that morning, and then walked off to the wood for Ug. When he was out of sight Surgard, who now feared he might lose the abbot, thus addressed his prisoner:

"Abbot, thou canst not deny that thou hast had a fair hearing"—the abbot bowed low—"and we have listened to thy prayer for mercy." Then the abbot replied meekly: "Full well I know it, sire. Tell me how I can repay thee for thy goodness." "I will," returned Surgard. "Prepare as quickly as you can and as quietly as possible for death." "Death!" echoed the abbot incredulously.

\* If the very apocryphal genealogical tree could be trusted, the old gentleman was no better than his grandson.

† Alfred at this time was at a grammar school.

"Ay, death, abbot," Surgard said; and then with some bitterness continued: "I grieve to see this want of gratitude in thee. This hesitation ill becomes the recipient of so much grace. Weeks and weeks have I spent in solitary anguish, unrelieved by one single delight; and now at this moment, when thou hast the power to afford me five minutes' amusement, thou—grudging niggard that thou art—thou fain wouldst bilk me. Oh, this is gruesome!" A cloud appeared to traverse his brow; then addressing a vassal rather in sorrow than in anger, he said, "Bring hither the brands and the hooks; we must hamstring him and put his eyes out—first."

Whilst the minions were carefully collecting these simple yet ingenious contrivances of the age, the abbot implored the assistance of his patron saint; but when the brands were heated red, and miraculous intervention appeared less probable than the loss of his eyesight, he dismissed the saint from his thoughts with a hearty curse, and set his wits to work to supply spiritual deficiency. Presently he said, "Saxon, my heart is charged with pity for thy loneliness, and I grieve to think I may soon cease to be able to offer thee a solace and a comfort, and that which should relieve thee of half thy pains."

Surgard had been more than once the victim of charlatans and quack leeches, and this was why he placed his finger beside his nose and replied to the abbot with a knowing wink.

"No, you don't Old-Parr me."

"I prate not of boluses," returned the abbot, with an accent of scorn. "I allude to a lovely maiden who might nurse thee in thine infirmity. Thy wife could not object to thy adopting her as a daughter."

"I have no wife," said Surgard cheerfully.

"So much the better," responded the abbot, and added to himself, "for her." Then continued aloud, "There will be no matrimonial diversity of opinion upon the matter."

"How old may this maiden be?"

"Three score and ten."

"What! I'll teach thee to put thy scurvy jests upon me. Clap the irons—"

"I said," interrupted the abbot, "three score and ten; and so she may be if she's spared. At present she is sixteen—and a study for Rubens."

"Rubens be smothered! Who is she, and where does she live? Out with it, and don't let the irons get too cold, there's a good fellow!"

"She hath a voice like to a bird."

"Who is she? I have hunted the country round, yet know I of no such beauty."

"She hath eyes like a fawn's, and she is as supple and like—"

"Where is she?"

"Her cheek is soft and as white as curds of new milk."

Thus, by artful evasions and adroit wiles, did the sagacious abbot succeed in averting the execution of Surgard's barbarous sentence. Ingeniously he excited the Saxon's curiosity, and skilfully he maintained the interest, until the arrival of Osric with Ug allowed him to relax his exertions. When Ug beheld the abbot, a keen observer might have seen him give a start of surprise; but as the keen observer was not born until the time of G. P. R. James, this queer start of Ug's was unnoticed. Being questioned by Osric, he affirmed the abbot's assertions, and declared that never before had he set eyes or hands on him. Then the abbot told how that, whilst meditating in the wood, he had been led to stray from the path by hearing of sweet sounds; and how he saw a hooded monk wandering along with a staff in one hand, but which was worse, a maiden's hand in the other. The maiden was exceedingly lovely, and sang so ravishingly that the nightingales were silent, learning how to sing; and he told how he stepped forward to upbraid the monk, and take the maiden to the lady abbess; and how the monk had struck him down, and the maiden and everything vanished from his sight, and he knew of nothing until the fragrance of the venison partly revived him.

Surgard commanded Ug to seek and to find the monk and the maiden, and to bring them before him. And Ug returned to the woods. Pending the discovery the abbot was confined to the dampest cellar in the establishment, on a diet of lentils and water. Thus Surgard made him fast in two ways, as the jester said. With piteous groans, fat toads, and an unseen swarm of many-legged crawling things the abbot passed a miserable existence, until once more he was brought before Surgard. Ug was standing aloof, with knitted brows in addition to his customary skins.

"Wretch," said Surgard, addressing the abbot; "thy tale is false. Art thou prepared for death?"

The abbot was not prepared for death, but he was for this, and thus he replied: "Sire, who says I'm false himself is false to thee. Trust not the tale of yon hulking catiff; poltroon is written in his face."

Surgard inspected his face with some curiosity, and for the first time wished he knew his letters.

"Yon ranger, fearing for his own safety, hath avoided rather than sought the dread monk."

Ug would have proved his courage upon the spot; but Surgard, having a plan in which the abbot's existence was concerned, forbade the ranger to tear him to pieces, and with a malicious smile he said to the abbot, "Since thou hast reason to suspect Ug of cowardice, thou thyself shall accompany him this night, lead him to where the monk appeared, and if he evades the contest, bring him back to me dead or alive."

The fat abbot quaked like a blanc-mange.



and implored to be excused from such a fearful commission, but Sargard was inexorable. That night Ug and the abbot went away together. The next day Ug returned alone. He said that the abbot had given him the slip. Sargard was furious, and censured Ug for his want of care and neglect; but this accusation was unjust, for Ug had buried the abbot with considerable carefulness. Sargard was dejected and unhappy, for in view of the abbot's return he had arranged a variety of interesting if painful experiments to be practised upon the abbot's body.

Osric's studious disposition caused him to delight in abstruse mathematical problems and arithmetical calculations. He was therefore admirably fitted for putting two and two together. The abbot's story, and his subsequent disappearance, led him at first to suspect Ug's veracity; and afterwards to ramble by moonlight in search of the mysterious monk and his fair companion. This was clear to him: either the abbot was false, or Ug knew of the monk's existence. Visions of the unknown beauty were ever before him, interfering considerably with his digestion and his study of the *De Gustibus*; so that, though the author was Alfred, his meaning was not half understood. His was a particularly susceptible time of life. His knowledge of young woman was obtained from the songs of peripatetic bards; but of course no very definite idea could be got from their wandering descriptions. Sargard had been so outrageous a marauder, and so unscrupulous a neighbor, that all the respectable families had removed, or been removed from that part of Mercia in which he settled. It was with an educational view therefore that Osric strode into the woods in search of the maiden; and perhaps it was his inquisitive mood that occasioned the curious sensation he felt in thinking of her.

It was the age of "old-fashioned summers." Clouds obscured the moon only on convenient occasions, and were never absent when required. Trees and plants were sustained by never-falling dew, which fell imperceptibly, and occasioned no rheumatics. The earth, thus not having to yield dew as at present, did not require moisture from above; and if it did rain, the showers were gentle, and fell when nobody was about. The sun at that time rose in the morning and set at night; so that the earth not being necessitated to revolve as now the disastrous effects of revolution were not felt in a meteorology turned entirely upside down. Therefore as Osric wended along his way, the moon stood in the blue heavens in unveiled loveliness, like Venus emerged from the sea. Over soft moss, smooth sward, and crisp heaths he trod, ever and again listening for the longed-for sound of sweet music. Sometimes he stood in the white moonlight, and sometimes in the chequered shade beneath the shining-leaved beech. Everywhere was stillness and silence. When he moved, his footstep scared the brooding thrush that flew across his path with sharp startled cry; or the night-feeling rabbit scurried away to its burrow. Once a tinkling sound caught his ear, and he rushed forwards, to find his hopes dashed even by the loveliness of a prickling brook. Hour after hour he spent wandering, waiting; still listening in the woods. Now he was come to a break in the forest, and between him and the open space stood a patch of tall fox-gloves. The moon was sinking over the wood behind him. In the heavens he faced, a few orange streaks in the paler blue told of the sun's recoming. Still silent were the sylvan songsters, Osric leant against a tree in the deep shadow, to hear their joyful awakening. Hark! was that a distant lark? No; never sang lark with that continued sweetness. Nearer, sweeter, clearer, more ravishing became the song; and Osric's hand, folded against his breast, felt his heart beating beneath it. The moon shone fully on the wood opposite. Presently there issued thence the dark figure of a hooded monk; and clinging to his side a slim figure, clad all in white. Nearer and nearer they came, sweeter and sweeter grew the song. Osric gazed only at the fair incarnation of his dream, as she approached him. Still nearer and nearer they came, till he could have thrown himself at her feet, as she passed still singing towards an alley in the wood. He could see the sweet lips parted in that rapturous song, and the small teeth within them; he could see the great lovely eyes looking upwards to the heaven they mirrored; he could see what of her neck the envious golden tresses left unpressed. He could see her graceful breast rising beneath the melody it held; and then she was gone. But long, long the song lingered, growing fainter and fainter, till it died. Whilst he listened he was conscious of nothing else; but that gone, he found tears of exquisite emotion rolling down his cheeks; and believed what he had seen to be a vision, because he had not the power to follow it. Now had the orange streaks become pink; and from many a bush and branch loud sang the awakened birds. Ah! she, that dearest creation he had seen, was the goddess who awakens the birds; the wood nymph, the fairy, the spirit-angel he had read of; and here at her bidding the sun rose, and birds sweetly sang to her glory.

After that for many nights Osric wandered in the woods; yet found nothing to prove he had not dreamed. Almost he convinced himself that too much *De Gustibus* had disordered his brain, and that the singing night wanderer was

a phantom of his imagination. One night, as he was resting on a fallen trunk, a murmur as of distant song reached him. He sprang up and ran to the spot whence the notes appeared to come; and staying occasionally, he heard the sound increase, until the same sweet song he had before heard came in rich fullness upon him. It seemed as if a few steps more would bring him within sight of the lovely nymph. Carefully now he stepped forwards, lest his footfall might disturb her, and break off her melody. But now at each step the notes grew fainter and fainter still. Then he leapt recklessly onwards for a dozen yards. When he paused, he heard as afar off a faint tinkling mocking laugh; and the birds awoke, and he alone amongst them stood in despair and sorrow. He did not, as young men in more civilised times do, seek to forget his troubles by a systematic course of study, or drink. He indulged himself in perpetual thought of the lovely unknown; wandering by night, and lying on his bed in restless cogitation by day. A third time he heard the voice, and this time he saw the maiden. She stood within an arm's length of him, and she was holding a tiny campanula between her eyes and the moon, better to see its delicate outline. The moonlight in her eyes sparkled as in dewdrops. She was alone, and saw him not until he threw himself upon his knees at her feet, clasping his hands in silent devotion. She did not vanish, but proved her mortality by screaming; but before Osric could assure her of the honorable character of his intentions, he felt himself raised in the air and thrown on one side. As he rose to his feet, he saw the hooded monk standing between him and the maiden. The monk turned his back on Osric, and took the little maid in his arms, and there she nestled. Now Osric felt another emotion; and jealousy and hatred towards the monk filled him with rage. He drew his sword, and called upon the monk to defend himself; the monk faced him, and a shining knife was in his hand. Was it to save Osric or the monk that the maiden sprang between them, fearlessly turning her breast to the monk's knife? Osric hoped and feared equally; but he lowered the point of his sword and bowed his head. Had the monk's knife been at his throat, he could not have moved then. The monk took the girl by the hand, and spoke softly to her; obedient she moved away into the forest shade, but to the last her lovely eyes rested on the entranced Osric.

Gone, gone, gone for ever! The thought flashed through Osric's mind, and its dreadfulness dismayed him. He threw his sword away and sped after her; but scarce two paces had he gone, when a grip was on his arm, and the monk led him back, picked up his sword, and handing it to him, spoke thus: "Thou art young, live; thou art brave, take thy sword. If thou art kind, leave me in peace. Go."

"Who has given thee a right to such a treasure as she? She is too young and too beautiful for thee and night. I will find her, and raise her to all the glories thou keepest her from. And thou shalt fall to deeper shades than these. Get thee a sword and protect thyself!"

The monk laughed derisively, and said, "Do thy best and worst, poor lad."

Then they fought; but the monk used his knife only in defence against Osric's sword, and when Osric's rash play brought his body in contact with the knife's point, his foe drew back, and the blade remained bright. But slowly the monk retreated towards the deeper shadow behind him; and upon him closely pressed Osric, vainly seeking to disable him. At last, when they were beneath the dark shade, Osric believed his blade smote the head of his antagonist, who at that very instant entirely disappeared, and a voice, that seemed to proceed from the very bowels of the earth, cried warningly, "Step no farther!" The singular manner in which the monk had fought, his sudden disappearance, together with the voice from the earth, combined to convince Osric of the supernatural character of these wood wanderers, and for a moment he obeyed the warning injunction, and stood trembling and stationary. Then the thought of her he had lost and his rival banished all else from his mind, and he sprang to the spot where the monk had stood. Headlong he fell through the deceptive growth which masked the precipice, and very surely would he have broken his neck, but for an outstretched tree-bough that, breaking his fall and a rib, slid him gently into a yielding bed of brambles. Whilst he extricated himself from this position, he had ample time to undeeve himself of any belief that lingered with respect to the visionary nature of the transactions, and to find an explanation of the subterranean voice. Yet why the monk should be so carefully merciful remained an insoluble mystery. When morning came, and things were still more discernible, he found blood upon his tunic, yet no wound upon his body. But that mystery was also unravelled. For upon unfastening the girdle that bound his tunic (preparatory to throwing himself upon his bed), something fell from it upon the ground; he stooped, and picked up—an ear. Clapping his hands to his head, he found he had still his

\* "On manne in dolo hys sorroes multiplies,  
Ande syts in ashes and sacke-clothe lyk-  
wyse;  
Another manne cares nothinge for hys  
backe,  
But bloweth out hys baggyes wyth ye sacke;  
By choekpennie ande other rykskome plale  
To lose hire *do'ors* ande other wyghts essale,  
Ande of thys kyndie Osric was: he laie  
Pytehyng ande tossynge on hys bedde alle  
dale."

Chronicle of Ug.

proper adornment; so he was satisfied—very satisfied—that the ear was not his, and equally that his last blow had taken effect upon the monk. Here also was a convincing proof of the reality of what he had seen; and this proof, for which he had been so long waiting, determined him upon making Ug assist him in his farther search. That very morning he went to Ug's hut. The ranger was absent, and Osric laid a fir cocoon upon the ground in the place where he slept, for this was the customary signal when Ug was wanted at the hall. No notice was taken of the signal, so Osric again went to the hut. The cocoon was moved, but Ug was absent. This time Osric piled up a heap of cocoons, that the signal might not escape notice.

That day, whilst Sargard with Osric and the vassals were dining, the hangings against the door were pushed aside, and the burly ranger stood within the hall.

"Who wants Ug?" he asked.

Osric rose, and beckoning to the ranger, withdrew into the recess of a window. Sargard took no notice of this arrangement; for frequently Osric would have Ug to the hall and talk privily with him. A strong friendship existed between them. Osric was still a very young man; and very young men then were very much as very young men now are. He was very well satisfied with himself. He had attained to the first resting bough up the tree of knowledge, and desired all humanity to swarm up after him, no matter how unfitted for climbing some amongst them might be, or how much happier they would be to sit on the safe soil of comfortable ignorance. Herein is the Christian superior to the Pagan. He had tried to teach Ug the multiplication table and decency in small clothes. He had also read to him several poems of his own composition. These latter Ug had listened to eagerly, and with infinite patience and perseverance had learned them. With each acquisition his love increased, and but for the multiplication and small clothes (with either of which he would have nothing to do), he would have had entire confidence in Osric, and worshipped him as one all good. True, Osric lately had been less persistent in harping upon the objectionable strings; for the ranger's attention to the poetry was very flattering to the composer, and in that age, barbarous as it was, men generally did that which was most remunerative to their interest or vanity. Still he felt it his duty occasionally to refer to the more strictly educational subject, and he did so, very much to Ug's discomfort. He learnt from Osric's instruction only this: Osric knew more than it became man to know; therefore, he was not to be trusted wholly. Perhaps it was this that made him approach Osric uneasily. He nervously tried to parry the subject.

"Tell me more tales of maids and men," he said. "Or wouldst thou rather that I tell thee of the wood creatures that run and crawl and fly, and of their habits?"

"Tell me," said Osric, "of the hooded monk and the fair maid who wander in your woods."

Just then, Sargard, who thought that rather than to die of ennui, it would be better to listen to what Osric and the ranger were talking about, crept behind them, menacing his vassal to silence with an expressive flourish of his carving knife.

"I know not of this monk. Have I not said so before?" said Ug.

"Thou knowest every part of the forest. All and every night thou wanderest through its depths. Nothing occurs of which thou knowest not. No sound is there that is strange to thee, yet the sweet song of a fair maid and the presence of a monk—"

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### CUSTOMS OF MADAGASCAR.

The form of government in Madagascar was, and we may say is, patriarchal. The unit, or simple element, is the family; and just as the father is the ruler of his children and dependants, so in a village the head man, along with the elders or old men, exercised the duties of magistrates. The king, again, was the great father of his subjects; and to the present day the sovereign is addressed as the father and mother of the people; and he in turn, reversing the compliment, speaks of the people as his father and mother. Thus, when the present Queen of Madagascar was crowned, addressing the people, she said, "O ye under heaven here assembled, I have father and mother, having you; therefore may you live, and may God bless you." Then, referring to the judges and officers, and explaining their relation to the people, she said, "I have made them fathers of the people, and leaders to teach them wisdom." The Malagasy are firm believers in the doctrine of divine right. The sovereign is, in their eyes, in every truth God's vicegerent. Indeed, until within the few past years, it was customary to salute him as God; or God seen by the eye. The late Queen Rasoahery was the first who forbade these blasphemous appellations. The very belongings of the sovereign are treated with respect. It is no uncommon thing, while being carried about the streets, for your bearers suddenly to run off to some side path to be out of the way. On looking for the cause of this, it will be found that a small procession is passing along, consisting of a forerunner with a spear, who duly shouts out to the passengers to "Clear the way!" Behind are two or four men, it may be, carrying water-pots filled with water for royal use, and followed again by an officer armed with a spear. The summons to get out of the way is obeyed by a rush to the side of the road, and the passers-by stand uncovered until the pro-

cession has passed. This is to prevent the water, or whatever else it may be, being bewitched. The queen and some of the higher members of the royal family who have principalities in distant parts of the country, in addition to a good many other feudal rights, which I have got no time to mention, are entitled to the rump of every bullock killed in the island. The actual rump is conveyed to officers appointed to receive it. This is a custom curious to all, and is deeply interesting to the student of antiquities. Why, the very name anatomists give this part is suggestive. It is called the *sacrum*, or sacred part,—the part devoted to the gods in Greece and Rome. But tracing this up to a higher source, we find that, in the Levitical law, this part was specially directed to be offered up to the Lord. Thus we read in the third chapter of Leviticus:—"And if his offering for a sacrifice of peace offering unto the Lord be of the flock, male or female, he shall offer it without blemish. If he offer a lamb for his offering, then shall he offer it before the Lord. And he shall lay his hand upon the head of his offering, and kill it before the tabernacle of the congregation: and Aaron's sons shall sprinkle the blood thereof round about upon the altar. And he shall offer of the sacrifice of the peace offering, an offering made by fire unto the Lord: the fat thereof, and the whole rump, it shall be taken off hard by the backbone; and the fat that covereth the inwards, and all the fat that is upon the inwards. . . . And the priest shall burn it upon the altar: it is the food of the offering made by fire unto the Lord" (ver. 6.11). We may just mention, also, that the same part of the fowl is usually given by children or servants to their fathers, or superiors. When the queen goes abroad she is attended by above a thousand soldiers, and a great number of camp attendants. She is carried in a palanquin, as the roads are too bad to allow carriages to be employed. When a carriage which had been presented to Radama I. was carried up to the capital, he seated himself in it; and, instead of being drawn in it by his faithful subjects, they lifted it, wheels and all, and he had the satisfaction of enjoying a carriage drive after a fashion altogether novel. The palanquin is preceded by attendants dancing, shouting, and singing, with music.—*Sunday Magazine*.

#### A WELSH LEGEND: OWAIN AND THE FAIRIES.

Owain and Dafydd were on their way to the harvest field one evening, to resume the task of gathering in the corn—a duty rendered urgent by the need of making the best of the harvest moon, then at its brightest. They took food with them for their evening meal.

"Boy," said Owain to his companion, "would it not be well that I should run to Cemaes at supper-time, to get my shoes from the cobbler? Our master is not likely to come to us to-night; and even if he should, I can get back in time to resume work after supper."

"Yes, you can easily do that," was the answer.

Super-time having come, Owain put his bread and cheese in his pocket, and started on his errand. After going some distance he perceived close to his path a circle of little men and women, some of grotesque, and all of playful aspect. At the sight he was of course greatly frightened; but, after pausing a moment to recover breath, he summoned courage to approach them, and on doing so saw a little woman of rare beauty in the midst of the group. She was so surpassingly fair that honest Owain was quite smitten by her charms. Seeing his attention fixed on herself, she ran from among the fairy crowd, and, clasping her soft arms round his neck, invited him to join them; to which he joyfully assented, for his fears had now left him, and he thought only of this, the loveliest creature of her sex he had ever seen. Long was the time he spent in company of his new friends—company so delightful that he forgot the lapse of time. But at last, remembering his duty, and fearing that Dafydd might need his help, or that his employer might come to the field and discover his absence, he unwillingly returned without going to Cemaes. When he reached the field the scene was wholly changed. His fellow-servant was not there. The field was a pasture in which cattle were quietly grazing. While wondering at this, a keen sense of hunger came over him. Putting his hand into his pocket for the food he had brought, he found it hard as a stone. On going to the farmhouse, he found there, not his master's household, but strangers, to whom he was as unknown, as they to him. Utterly bewildered, he started to look for a lodging at the house of some neighbors, and on his way met one whose appearance seemed in some way familiar. They both hesitated a moment, until Owain asked—

"Are you Dafydd?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"But who are you? Surely not Owain?"

"Yes, I am Owain."

"Why, where did you go to that evening?"

"Take me home with you, and I'll tell you. How long is that ago?"

"Well," rejoined Dafydd, "let me see—I have been married fifteen years, and you went away five years before that."

"What became of my shoes?"

"The shoemaker kept them till we gave you up for lost, and then sold them."

They started for Dafydd's home together, Owain on the way telling Dafydd his experiences of twenty years with the fairies, and hearing of the many changes that had taken place while he was away.—*Once a Week*.



## THE DYING CHILD.

BY JOHN CLARK.

He could not die when trees were green,  
For he loved the time too well.  
His little hands, when flowers were seen,  
Were held for the blue bell,  
As he was carried o'er the green.

His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee;  
He knew those children of the spring:  
When he was well and on the lee  
He held one in his hands to sing,  
Which filled his heart with glee.

Infants, the children of the spring!  
How can an infant die  
When butterflies are on the wing,  
Green grass, and such a sky?  
How can they die at spring?

He held his hands for daisies white,  
And then for violets blue,  
And took them all to bed at night  
That in the green fields grew,  
As childhood's sweet delight.

And then he shut his little eyes,  
And flowers would notice not;  
Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,  
He now no blossoms got:  
They met with plaintive sighs.

When winter came and blasts did sigh,  
And bare were plain and tree,  
As he for ease in bed did lie,  
His soul seemed with the free,  
He died so quietly.

## DESMORO;

OR,

## THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES  
FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING  
BIRD," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

There was a dense fog in the Channel, and the captain of the Dover packet was standing on the deck of his vessel, carefully directing her course as she slowly made her way towards the English shore.

In one of the state-rooms of the boat a lady, expensively attired, but with a certain boldness of demeanor, was questioning a woman in the garb of a dependent.

"You are assured, Klara, that the gentleman whom I have described to you is not on board here?"

"Yes, gracious madame, I am quite assured of the fact; for I have made it my especial business to see all the male passengers in the boat, and not one of them at all answers Madame the Baroness's description of the gentleman she seeks."

The Baroness Kielmansegge gnawed her lips in silence, feeling much disappointed and enraged.

She had expected to pounce upon her victim, and secure him; and, lo, he was not here to be found! She had reckoned that he would quit France by the first and most convenient means that he could find; and she had acted according to her reckoning, and met with defeat.

Frustrated in her plans, the Baroness vented her angry feelings upon her tirewoman, who bore her lady's ill-temper most patiently, never uttering a single word in reply. Klara was fretting over the loss of her fellow-servant, Matsford; and her mind being full of her own sorrow, she paid but little attention to her mistress's ill-humor.

The Baroness left her cabin, and went on deck, where she was amazed and terrified to discover the whole scene wrapped in a thick and impenetrable mist, through which the vessel was proceeding at a very slow rate indeed.

The captain looked anxious, and the bell was being struck continuously, in order to warn other vessels of the boat's approach.

The fog was getting thicker and thicker each succeeding moment. Those in the fore part of the boat could not now perceive those in the stern. The bell all this while was being struck louder than ever. There was no wind, and the waters lay still and calm, undisturbed by a single wave.

The air was chilly. The Baroness drew her mantle closely around her, and leant against the bulwarks. She had no thought of approaching danger; she was thinking only of Desmoro, and regretting that she had suffered him to elude her grasp.

Klara was sitting close by, feeling slightly seasick, and miserable as well.

Presently Olympia started and shuddered. Through the vapour surrounding her she saw the form and face of one long since dead—the form and face of old Captain Volderbond!

Uttering a subdued cry, she staggered away from the spot, and dropped on the seat already half-occupied by her domestic.

Klara roused herself, and respectfully rose, leaving her mistress in sole possession of the seat.

Olympia then shut her eyes, and for some seconds buried her face in the folds of her mantle. But, presently looking up again, the same

remembered face, the same pale, reproachful countenance, met her view.

The brain of the Baroness Kielmansegge began to swim, and her heart was palpitating fast and painfully.

"Begone!" she cried, in low, husky tones—"begone! Why dost thou haunt me thus?"

At this instant, receiving a blow across her bows, the boat swerved suddenly round; and, amid agonized cries and shouts, the hapless vessel disappeared, run down by a large ship which the outgoing tide was bearing rapidly along.

"Heaven have mercy on us all!" exclaimed the commander of the ship. "Some unhappy craft has just gone down under our bows!"

And the big ship was still borne onwards, unable to resist the strong current, doomed probably to sweep down other helpless vessels in her course.

A woman's form now rose to the surface of the water, and struggled to keep itself afloat. Presently, she grasped at an arm at a short distance from her; but the arm refused her grip, and her fingers only clutched the air.

Olympia sank again, and the bubbling waters closed over her sinful head.

By-and-by she showed herself once more, and, as before, she endeavored to catch hold of an arm near her. But nothing met her wild clutch—nothing but emptiness.

Olympia battled with the waters, and for a time contrived to keep herself on their surface. She was well acquainted with the art of swimming; but, on the present occasion, her clothes, her numerous skirts, clinging around her limbs, prevented her from assisting herself as she might otherwise have done.

Instead of the arm, Olympia now saw before her the spectral figure of the late Captain Volderbond.

"Save me!—save me!" she cried out, appealingly.

The apparition looked vengefully, and pointed to below.

Olympia cried out again, in frenzied accents, but the spectre only shook his head, and laughed derisively.

Olympia was growing exhausted, and she entreated once more to be saved.

"Miserable woman!" spoke the shade, "traitress and poisoner, meet thy deserved doom! Away, away; the fiends are waiting for thee! Away!"

So saying, the shadowy form melted into air, and the wretched Olympia sank beneath the waters—sank, to rise no more.

## CHAPTER LXIX.

As you may conceive, the unexpected death of Marguerite d'Auvergne shocked Desmoro greatly, and he gave himself up to grief, heedless of what became of him, now that she was gone, gone never to return.

Alarmed for his son's safety, Colonel Symure strove all he could strive in order to arouse him from his sorrow.

"Fly, fly, Desmoro!" urged the Colonel. "This is no time to give way to useless lamentations. You cannot recall the dead; cease, then, to regret the wise decrees of heaven!"

"Whither would you have me fly, sir? Speak, and I will at once obey you," returned Desmoro, feeling little interested about the matter; at this moment almost regardless whether he lived or died.

"London, busy London, I think, will afford you the safest refuge," said the Colonel; "and thither it is advisable we proceed without further delay."

"As you will, sir," rejoined Desmoro, quite indifferently. "Since I cannot call her back to life again, I may as well go hence as stay."

"That is precisely my idea," answered the Colonel, rejoiced to hear his son so readily agree to his proposals. "Anticipating your willing acquiescence to my wishes, I have already given all the necessary orders concerning our immediate departure hence."

Desmoro bowed his head. He was nearly unconscious of the purport of his father's words, but he was prepared to do everything that that father wished.

So Desmoro sought the chamber of the dead, and in the silence reigning there, knelt and prayed for a time. Then he rose, pressed his lips upon those of the corpse, and bade it an eternal farewell.

The Count d'Auvergne parted from the Colonel and his son with feelings of great regret. He was a lonely old man now, for his daughter, and likewise his dearly-prized friends had left him.

Just as Desmoro and his father were about to step into a railway train, Matsford appeared before them.

"A word with you, sir, if you please," said the man, accosting our hero. "Have you heard of the loss of the Dover packet and her passengers?"

"No," answered Desmoro, amazed at the man's question.

"She went down by the fog yesterday, sir; she was run down by some large vessel. One man only was left to report the sad fate of the hapless boat, and he I have just seen and spoken with. His escape was a truly miraculous one."

"I am sorry to hear of the loss of the boat," returned Desmoro, wondering wherefore Matsford had reported the event to him.

"You would not say so, I think, sir, did you know who perished in her?"

"Who perished in her?" repeated Desmoro, wholly bewildered at the man's words. "I do not comprehend you."

"Your enemy, the Baroness Kielmansegge, is no more. The lady was one of the passengers of the Swan, bound for Dover."

"The Baroness Kielmansegge!" repeated Desmoro, in increasing surprise and bewilderment. "Pray, explain."

"Firstly, sir, you need not trouble yourself to go hence, since you can now safely remain in Paris. The Baroness Kielmansegge and her female attendant are both at the bottom of the English Channel. But see, sir, yonder fellow, who was a waiter on board of the ill-fated packet, will tell you all."

At this instant the railway whistle sounded, and Desmoro and his father sprang into the carriage, and took their seats. The man whom Matsford had just pointed out as having escaped from the recent wreck was Desmoro's old foe, the rascal Pidgers.

Our hero had only time to wave an adieu to Matsford, before the train was in motion.

Desmoro did not know whether Pidgers were a passenger in the train, or otherwise, and it was now too late to ascertain the fact.

All was confusion in Desmoro's mind, for he had but half-comprehended the tale told him just now by Matsford, and the sight of Pidgers had unnerved him quite. He repeated to the Colonel all that had passed between himself and Matsford a short moment ago, not forgetting to inform him concerning the glimpse he had caught of the villain Pidgers.

"Did he see you, think you?" asked the Colonel.

"I cannot say for certain," Desmoro answered, with a slight shrug, and in mournful tones. "It is almost useless for me to contend longer against what appears to be my fate. Let this fiend in mortal shape do his worst, then; I care not now what become of me."

So saying, Desmoro leaned back in the carriage, and for some minutes there was silence.

"If this villain Pidgers has not yet seen you, we may yet avoid his recognition, and all may be well with us," observed the Colonel.

Desmoro made no reply. In mind and body both he was quite weary, and he was longing to be at rest. Marguerite was gone, and with her he deemed his every earthly happiness had departed, and that the future would bring him only a fresh amount of wretchedness—only fresh trials and fresh shame.

Desmoro saw that the Colonel was harassed on his account, and he felt distressed to see him so. But what could Desmoro do, since, at every turn he took, he encountered nothing but misfortunes—which misfortunes lay upon his shoulders with double weight now that another was taking an affectionate interest in all his doings.

When Desmoro was an outlaw, living in his cavern-home, he defied all sorrow; but matters were altered with him now, and that which he would once have set at naught, he was allowing to oppress and fairly crush him.

The train reached Calais in due time; and in order to avoid encountering Pidgers, our hero and his father made the best of their way out of the railway station, and repaired to a neighboring hotel, where they supposed they would be safe from all sorts of molestation.

For three days our friends had abided in this hotel, never going abroad in the daylight, and keeping entirely aloof from every one about them.

They felt at a loss how to act. The Baroness Kielmansegge was no more; that fact had been ascertained beyond all doubt, and Desmoro had nothing to apprehend at her hands now. No; the wicked Olympia would no more threaten or persecute him; she was lying at the bottom of the sea, unregretted and almost forgotten.

Desmoro had now only one enemy to contend against, and that enemy was the wretch Pidgers, who seemed to start up before him at nearly every turn.

At the expiration of the fourth day, Desmoro and his father sailed for London, where they arrived without any adventure worthy of recording here.

Having settled themselves once more in a suburban home, Neddy, who had been left in Paris in order to arrange some domestic matters, then rejoined them; and, for the present, Desmoro had some slight cessation of his anxieties—some little repose of mind.

One day, the Colonel, meeting Captain Williams, brought him home to dine with them, and to detail to them how he had progressed in the late trial, when the mutineers of the Mary Ann had been condemned to a deserved punishment—to transportation for life.

The Captain, as you may well understand, had had many difficulties to contend against, during the progress of the trial, for several important witnesses were lacking—namely, the Count d'Auvergne, Colonel and Mr. Symure.

But Captain Williams had some interest in certain influential quarters, and that interest being exerted on this occasion, he got through the business far better than he had expected.

"And what of the villain, Pidgers?" asked the Colonel, before he mentioned that Desmoro had lately seen that individual.

"Ah, what of him, indeed!" returned the Captain, shaking his head. "The rascal slipped out of my fingers, heaven alone knows how. But the police are at his heels, he will not long escape the hands of justice, depend upon it."

Desmoro then related how and where he had seen Pidgers, and the terrors which he had endured through seeing him.

Desmoro's life was, indeed, a most monotonous and weary one now. He had wealth, 'tis true; but he had no positive object to live for, no earthly joy to gild his days. His bush career had been full of excitement, and that excitement had ever prevented him from feeling the isolation of his position. Now there was no excitement whatever in his life; his every-day ex-

istence was as commonplace as it could possibly be.

Desmoro, who was young and full of adventurous spirit, was yearning for something more than he really had. His was not the nature to live unloving and unloved; he could not rest content, bereft of sympathy, without a woman's smile to pour sunshine upon his soul. He remembered Marguerite with unceasing regret, and sometimes he could not help wishing that he had died along with her.

But time generally blunts the edge of the keenest sorrow; and so it was with Desmoro, whom the Colonel had partly succeeded in drawing out of his melancholy and unhappiness, and had led back into some of the harmless pleasures of the world; and our Desmoro, who still entertained his old love for the drama, began to visit the various theatres, and to watch the performances of the different actors and actresses, whose representations he nightly witnessed, and felt much amused thereby.

And months rolled on.

One night, Desmoro and the Colonel paid a visit to Drury Lane theatre, which they found beset with crowds of people, who were all crushing and struggling to obtain an entrance into the building.

After some difficulty, our hero and his father gained their box.

Desmoro looked around him in great surprise; the house was already nearly filled with well-dressed people; boxes, pit, and gallery, and each and every place in the theatre, presented a bright appearance, as if the folks had assembled there to do honour to some illustrious personage who was expected to grace this temple of the drama on this particular night.

"Whatever has attracted such a housefull of people?" cried the Colonel.

"I know not," answered Desmoro, carelessly enough.

"We are to have a new piece to-night, probably," suggested the Colonel.

"Probably," rejoined Desmoro, in the same manner as before, hanging up his hat and overcoat as he spoke.

The Colonel seated himself, and took up the programme of the night's performance.

"Oho! the mystery is solved!" he exclaimed.

"How?"

"A favorite actress is announced to re-appear to-night."

"Ah, indeed! Who is she?"

"A Miss Chavring."

"Chavring—Chavring!" repeated Desmoro, in some perplexity. "Surely I have heard that name before!"

"I never did," said the Colonel.

"Chavring!" once more repeated Desmoro.

"Allow me to look at the programme."

The Colonel passed the sheet of paper, upon which Desmoro at once eagerly fastened his eyes.

"Chavring!—where, where have I heard that name before?"

The Colonel laughed; Desmoro looked so deeply interested and perplexed about the matter.

The overture had now commenced, and Desmoro was still sitting with that programme in his hands, at a loss to remember where he had heard the name of Chavring.

The evening performance commenced with Tobin's comedy of the "Honeymoon," in which the lady above mentioned was to enact the character of Juliana.

Desmoro was watching the stage with peculiar interest, as if expecting to have his perplexity soon resolved.

The first scene of the comedy was over, and Balthazar and Volante had entered.

Juliana would soon appear now.

At this moment there was a universal rustle and buzz in the house; every one seemed to be on the tiptoe of expectation.

Presently, a female form glided from the side-wing, and stood before the footlights, where she paused long, bowing to the audience, who received her with a perfect torrent of applause; the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and fans, the gentlemen clapping their hands loudly, and uttering shouts of welcome.

During all this, Desmoro sat transfixed with amazement. Who was this beautiful woman before him? Was it possible that she was Comfort Shavings, the young girl who had once been his dearest and best-beloved companion and friend? Though far more beautiful than she had promised to be, he recognised her face, her soft, gentle smile, and her pretty dimpled cheeks. Yes, Miss Chavring was none other than the clown's daughter, once known as Comfort Shavings.

Desmoro's heart beat fast and strangely at the sight of that well-remembered countenance; and a score of recollections, alike sweet and painful, came rushing in full flood upon him.

He did not speak. His amazement seemed to have robbed him of all faculty of speech. He sat gazing at the actress, his ears drinking in the musical tones of her voice—of that voice, each cadence of which was awaking fresh memories in his heart.

Had she forgotten him? It was most likely that she had done so, he thought, a sharp spasm shooting through his bosom the while.

How he was longing to speak to her, to touch once more her hand, that hand which had so often laid caressingly in his.

How all the old time was flowing back upon him. Comfort's accents were recalling to him all the past. His innocence, his poverty, and his many trials, struggles, and privations were all in memory rising up before him.

At length, unable to keep his new feelings longer to himself, Desmoro spoke.



"You do not remember the lady's face, I suppose, sir?" said he, addressing the Colonel.

"The face of Miss Chavring?"

"Yes."

"I never before saw the lady."

Desmoro smiled.

"Examine her features well."

For some seconds the Colonel watched the actress narrowly, then he shook his head.

"I have not the remotest recollection of her countenance," said he.

"No?"

"No, upon my honour!" answered the Colonel.

"Do you know her?"

Desmoro sighed deeply; and, as the act-drop had been lowered, and the mimic scene was shut out from their view, he hastened to explain to his father that Miss Chavring was his somewhat friend, the daughter of the clown, of whom he had made such frequent mention when speaking of the past—of the days he had spent at Braymount.

Colonel Symure listened to his son attentively, and with considerable interest as well, feeling quite pleased that Desmoro had found an object likely to amuse him for a time; one which might probably help to banish those sad thoughts which still clung to him and made him wretched.

The curtain rose again, and the comedy proceeded, and Miss Chavring was once more before the audience, which applauded almost everything she said and did. And well did she deserve that applause, for her acting was at once graceful, feminine, sensible, natural, and fascinating. Desmoro was enthralled; and the affection that had slumbered in his bosom for so many long years, and through so many changes in his life, was now awakening in all its strength, and all its passionate earnestness.

He leaned forward in the box, thinking that he might probably catch the eye of the actress; but she was too intent upon her business, and much too modest to permit her gaze to wander about, away from the scene in which she was engaged.

At last the comedy was over, and Miss Chavring had disappeared for the night.

Desmoro now rose. He was looking very pale, and much excited.

"Let us begone, sir," proposed he.

And presently the two gentlemen left the theatre, hailed a cab, and returned home.

On the following day, Desmoro was very silent and restless. He could not sit still for more than three minutes together, and he kept wandering about the house like an unquiet spirit, vainly seeking rest.

The Colonel remarked his son's disturbed ways, but made no observation on them, thinking that it would be better to leave him entirely to himself, than to plague him with troublesome comment of any kind.

Miss Chavring was a very beautiful and charming woman, and the Colonel fancied that he could comprehend his son's feelings at this time. He knew that Desmoro had a most susceptible heart—a heart brimful of warm affections, and the Colonel deemed it a most natural thing that his son should desire some suitable and worthy object to bestow his love upon. Months and months had fled since Marguerite d'Anvergne's death, therefore there was nothing indelicate in the fact of Desmoro's seeking to fix his thoughts once more on one of womankind.

"You do not feel inclined to visit Drury Lane Theatre again, sir, I suppose?" questioned Desmoro, while he and his father were sitting together at dinner.

"To-night, do you mean?" asked the Colonel, taking care not to demonstrate any particular surprise at the question.

"Yes, to-night, sir," answered Desmoro, coloring deeply as he spoke.

"To witness the 'Honeymoon' again."

Desmoro nodded assentingly.

"No, I think not," proceeded the Colonel, with a faint smile. "Miss Chavring's performance was marvellously truthful and charming, I'll allow; but, for all that, I cannot make up my mind to sit out that stale comedy again. Of course, I do not wish to control your actions. Do as you please, Desmoro, without in the least regarding me in the matter."

"With your permission, then, sir, I will absent myself from your side this evening."

"To be sure, to be sure, Desmoro, you will study your own pleasure, and welcome!" the Colonel answered, in hearty, kindly tones.

Accordingly, Desmoro again found his way to the theatre, and there occupied the same stage-box he had occupied on the previous evening. But although he endeavored all he could to attract the attention of Miss Chavring, she never once glanced towards his box.

Desmoro was almost in despair, and knew not what to do. He remembered the painful circumstances under which she had last known him, and, remembering them, he dreaded to discover himself to her, lest he should only meet with scorn at her hands.

Perhaps she had heard of the notorious bush-ranger, and recognised in him her somewhat friend and teacher, mused Desmoro shudderingly. If so, she would, probably never deign to look upon him again—never more listen to his name.

But Comfort had always been gentle and merciful; could it be possible that she was altered—that the world had made her heart less kindly than it was in the days of her early youth?

What should he do—what means should he resort to in order to test her feelings towards her sometime tutor?

Desmoro was impatient; nevertheless, he felt the necessity of prudence in this instance. He

must await his time; he must not do anything rashly if he could help it.

As before, he waited until the curtain was dropped, and the comedy finished; then he left the theatre, and proceeded home, his heart fairly sore with the unwonted excitement of his feelings, and his brain in a whirl of painful commotion.

On the following day our hero was absent-minded, and, as before, ill at ease; but as he did not confide to his father the cause of his uneasiness, the Colonel refrained from making any remark upon it, and suffered Desmoro to wander about the house and its grounds without offering the slightest interruption to him in any way.

That same evening, Desmoro was once more seated in one of the stage-boxes of Drury Lane Theatre, dreamily leaning back in his chair until Miss Chavring appeared before the footlights; then he aroused himself, and attentively listened to her, and watched her every motion, each instant becoming more and more entranced with her beauty, modesty and grace.

He had prepared a letter for her, but, as yet, he was undecided whether to give it to her or not. He could leave it at the stage-door this very night, and Comfort might read it before she retired to rest, and learn from its contents that her somewhat friend was near her, longing to be permitted to see her in private, and to once more touch her hand.

Desmoro's nervousness and anxiety on this occasion knew no bounds. He could not determine how he should act, in what way he should convey his epistle to the hands it was intended for.

He felt himself a very coward at this moment. He had faced danger in a score of fearful shapes, and yet he had never trembled before those dangers as he was trembling now.

At the finish of the comedy, he hastily quitted the theatre, and made his way round for the stage-entrance, where he stood, watching for the departure of the actress, for whom a closed carriage was waiting.

Desmoro was quaking in every limb, and his breath was coming from his parched lips in hurried gasps. He felt unmanned quite, and his face appeared perfectly ghastly under the quivering light of the neighboring lamp-post.

He counted the moments as they went by, thinking each second an age; and he waited and waited, longing for her to come.

At length, he heard the rustle of silken garments, and a female form issued from the stage-doorway, and stepped towards the equipage, the door of which was being held wide by an obsequious footman.

Desmoro's bosom palpitated wildly and painfully as he advanced a few paces forward, laid his hand on the window-sill of the vehicle, and thrust out the letter he had prepared.

The servant-man, who was just about to take his place behind the conveyance, paused at the approach of Desmoro, whose dress and bearing at once denoted that he was far from being a common sort of person.

"What is it, Grove?" asked Miss Chavring, in the obscurity of her carriage, being unable to distinguish who was then presenting himself and a letter.

"Pardon me, Miss Chavring," quivered our hero, in hollow accents; "I am one whom you once knew. This will inform you of my name and station," he added, flinging his missive on her lap as he spoke.

"Stay!" she cried, suddenly.

But Desmoro was gone.

She looked out of the carriage window—up the street and down the street—but she could see nothing of him.

The equipage was now in motion, making its way towards the actress's home, which, being reached, Miss Chavring hastened to her chamber. Then, before she had thrown off her outer garments, she tore open the note she had just received, and impatiently sought to peruse it.

Miss Chavring's maid was in attendance at this time, awaiting her mistress' orders.

"I shall not require your services just at present, Jane," said she; "I'll ring when I want you."

At this, Jane silently withdrew, and the lady was left alone, bending over the sheet of writing in her hands, the purport of which writing ran as follows:—

"So many long years have gone by since last we parted from each other, but I scarcely dare expect you to remember me. It may be that I have been deemed unworthy of a place in your memory; if such be the case, this missive will not be welcome to your sight, and all my entreaties will be vain.

"I knew you as Comfort Shavings, and you knew me as—I pause before I pen the syllables of my name, fearful lest such should offend you. But I have commenced my task, and at every hazard to myself I must proceed with it.

"I am Desmoro.

"Oh! take pity in your eyes, and read still further.

"And now I ask you to grant me an interview: to let me look upon you once more, with the blessed sunlight shining on your sweet face.

"Oh, Comfort! close not your ears against my appeal; but rather let me reach the honest core of your heart, and find an answering echo there!

"Comfort, in remembrance of the days which are fled—of those days when we sat side by side in innocent happiness, I implore you to receive me. I have much to tell you—much that will surprise and pain you.

"I have been near you to-night—so close to you, that I could hear you draw your breath—and I was near you last night, and the night previous to that, and I must still continue to haunt

the theatre until you grant me my urgent request—until you suffer me to clasp hands with you again.

"I could continue to write on, and on to you in this disjointed manner, and cover whole quires of paper in talking to you, did I not fear to trespass on your time and patience by so doing.

"In a remote spot called Calder Nook, there is a solitary house, surrounded by high walls, and by still higher trees. In this place, which is known as the Retreat, I abide. Address me as Mr. Symure.

"Remember me kindly to your father, dear Comfort, and allow me to subscribe myself your old and affectionate friend, 'DESMORO.'

The color had faded from the reader's cheeks and lips, and as she finished the perusal of the letter, it fell with her hands into her lap.

"Desmoro!" she repeated, over and over again, her accents full of surprise; "here in England! I cannot believe my senses, for I never thought to hear of him more! Desmoro! gracious heaven! I feel as if I were in a dream, so strange and unexpected does this all seem to me. He was close to me to-night, and I did not know it—close to me—close to me!"

And Comfort leaned back in her chair, a score of novel feelings stirring within her as she recalled to her mind the figure and the lineaments of her somewhat tutor and friend.

She had once regarded him with a sincere affection; and through all the years of toil, anxiety, and struggling she had known—and the shame, which had been attached to his name—she had not forgotten him.

She had never believed him guilty of the charge preferred against him; she had never credited ought of ill in connection with her kind teacher—Desmoro. For years after their enforced and unfortunate severance, she had lamented his loss, as she had never lamented any loss before. And now he was near her again, seeking to see her, entreating to touch her hand once more.

Comfort was much perplexed to understand matters; she had thought him far, far away from England, in a land across the wide sea, whence he could never more return, and where he would be held a bondsman during his whole lifetime, to toil for others until he died.

Long Comfort sat, reading and re-reading, and wondering and wondering over the contents of Desmoro's letter, quite forgetful of the lateness of the hour, and of everything else, save the contents of her letter and its writer.

Before she pressed her pillow that night, she indited a reply to Desmoro, inviting him to come to her without delay. The epistle was couched in most womanly terms, and was full of gentle feeling as well. She felt no restraint whatever in addressing him affectionately; he was her oldest and best-beloved friend, and she wished him to comprehend as much, to feel that she prized him highly.

Comfort slept but little that night; she was thinking of Desmoro, and wishing for the morrow, that she might despatch her letter to him.

She thought it strange to address him by, as she supposed, a borrowed name; but Desmoro would explain the mystery when she saw him, she said within herself; and so concluding, she ceased to trouble herself further about the matter.

Early on the following morning, the actress despatched to Calder Nook a man-servant, bearing a communication for Mr. Symure, into whose hands Miss Chavring had instructed him to place it.

Desmoro received the missive with a mixture of strange and contrary feelings, quite at a loss to surmise whether the sheet he held had brought him welcome intelligence or otherwise; he was anticipating the latter, for he was afraid to nurture too much hope regarding the matter.

But, when he had broken the seal, and glanced over a few lines of the writing, his heart warmed suddenly, his pale cheeks flushed, his eyes brightened, and the whole aspect of the man became changed as if by magic. Oh! what a heavy load had been lifted from his breast, how light and happy he was feeling all at once. Comfort had not forgotten him, she thought kindly of him still, and accordingly the world was filled with sunshine for Desmoro; with dazzling, dancing sunshine, which gilded everything around, and made his soul rejoice.

He carried his good tidings to the Colonel, to whom he half confessed his newly-awakened love for his sometime pupil, Comfort Shavings.

"You will deem me fickle-minded, I fear, sir, in thus forgetting my dead Marguerite," said Desmoro, with some slight embarrassment of manner. "But I am not such, I assure you, for my heart has only gone back to its first mistress—to her who filled my every thought for many and many a long year. I never expected to again behold her, else, despite her beauty and her goodness, my poor Marguerite would have failed to teach my bosom to renounce its early attachment. Circumstances often times than inconstancy change the whole current of our lives, and divide us from those from whom we have prayed never to be severed. I think you will understand what I am so awkwardly endeavoring to explain. Man was not born to be a perfect creature. I am not trying to excuse any of my weaknesses or faults; far from it. I am only striving to avert from myself the charge of unstableness, which charge may be likely to fall upon me."

"I comprehend," smiled the Colonel—"I comprehend all!"

After the lapse of a couple of hours, Desmoro, looking happier than he had looked for many a day before, was mounted on a fine horse, galloping in the direction of his lady-love's home at the door of which he alighted in a perfect whirl of excitement and happiness.

He entered the house, his feet seeming to tread on air, his heart throbbing with accelerated motion. He saw nothing, he heard no sound, until he entered a room, and a well-known voice saluted him. Then Desmoro staggered forward, a mist obscuring his sight, and a female form was caught in his arms, and folded close to his breast.

"Desmoro!" she exclaimed.

"Comfort!" he gasped, in reply, as he folded the slender form still closer and closer to him. And for some moments they spoke not; their joy at thus meeting again seemed to have taken all their speech away.

At length Comfort drew herself out of her companion's arms, and looked up into his face. "Much changed; but yet the self-same Desmoro to me!" said she, very gently.

"Ay, I trust so," he answered, regarding her with a fond gaze.

Then he drew her to a sofa, and took his seat by her side.

"Where is your father?" he inquired, glancing towards the room door.

Comfort's head drooped at this question, and a tear escaped from her eye, and trickled down her cheek.

"My poor father is dead, Desmoro!" answered she, in tremulous accents.

"Dead, Comfort?"

"Yes, many years ago."

Then ensued much retrospection on both sides. Desmoro, without the slightest reservation, recounted all that had happened to him since they had separated from one another, and Comfort was alike confidential on her part, and Desmoro had to hear many extraordinary particulars which had occurred to her since last he saw her.

Mr. Mackmillerman had carried himself and her helpless father away from Braymount to a place in which her parent, who had never rallied from his illness, shortly afterwards died. Then Mr. Mackmillerman had offered to make the young girl his wife; but Comfort had resolutely declined his offer, and had bade him leave her to herself and her sorrows. And, upon finding that she still continued in the same strain, he became morose, and soon left her entirely unmolested, and wholly unprotected and destitute as well.

"I did not know what to do in this desolate position," Comfort went on, in continuation. "I had no friend in the world to whom I could presume to apply for pecuniary assistance. I was, indeed, destitute and unhappy, without either parent, or money, or shelter. Leaving my present lodgings, I wandered on foot from village to village, thinking I might probably meet with some strolling company the manager of which might be induced to engage my services for a time; but I encountered nothing of the kind, and yet I wandered onwards, subsisting on charity, and having no earthly hope before me. I slept in barns and outhouses, under hedges and haystacks, and I eat whatever I could honestly procure—whatever the country people would give to the poor, starving, houseless girl. At this time I really thought that heaven had wholly forsaken me, that I should soon perish on the roadside; but the Providence I was so mistrusting ordained it otherwise. I lived to find kind friends. One day, as I was tramping along a dusty country road, footsore, hungry, and weary—oh, how weary I cannot describe—a carriage, in which were seated a lady and gentleman, came driving along at a rapid pace. When the vehicle had gone by, I saw something laying on the ground, fluttering in the wind.

"It was a lady's fine cambric pocket-handkerchief that I picked up."

"I called out 'Stop—stop!' at the top of my voice, but the people in the carriage did not heed me. I ran after the vehicle for some considerable distance, but failing to attract the attention of those within it, I sat down to recover my breath, and to rest myself awhile after my run."

"While I was thus sitting, panting, my brow covered with perspiration, I examined the handkerchief. Judge of my surprise at finding written in one corner of it 'Dinah Thetford.' I stared at the letters, and spelled them over and over again, fearful lest I had made some mistake, or that my sight was deceiving me. No, I had made no error at all: the name written on the cambric was 'Dinah Thetford,' and nothing else.

"My heart bounded. Where, where did Mr. Thetford and his wife reside? They must be near at hand! Oh, could I but learn their whereabouts I should surely find succour—the succour I stood so much in need of."

"I rose and began to pursue the road along which the conveyance had just rolled; and I walked on and on, not knowing whither I was walking."

"At last I met a laboring man, and him I questioned concerning the Thetfords."

"Oh, ay; Squire Thetford yo means!" returned the man, in the broad dialect of the county. "I knows him weel enough, an' his lady, too. They lives at a place they calls Highcliffe."

"How far off?" I demanded abruptly.

"About six miles, I reckons."

"Six miles!" echoed I, my almost shoeless feet aching terribly.

"Ay, that be about the distance, moor or less, straight along this road," answered the man, once more pursuing his way onwards.

"Six miles! How, how could I possibly perform that distance? (To be concluded in our next.)"



# THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1873.

## "THE FAVORITE"

TERMS: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Singlesubscription, one year..... \$ 2.00  
Club of seven, " " ..... 10.00

Those desirous of forming larger clubs or otherwise to obtain subscribers for *THE FAVORITE*, will be furnished with special terms on application.

Parties sending remittances should do so by Post Office order, or registered letter.

Address, GEORGE E. DESBARATS,  
Publisher  
Montreal P. Q.

### TO OUR READERS.

A Subscriber writes us as follows:—

"Permit me to say a few words through your paper, if not against the rules, concerning an advertisement inserted therein, of Messrs. Bridges, Foote & Co., New York, for fear that others like myself may be flattered, knowing well that if you knew that it was only a polite way of swindling the money out of the public you would not have inserted it. I saw the advertisement and thought that I would try my luck, so I accordingly sent them one dollar for five tickets which I received in a few days. I then immediately sent back one of the tickets for a watch valued at \$105, also the \$10 that was required. I then waited for three weeks and no reply came. Then I wrote them again; and it is four weeks now since I wrote my last and no reply.

"If I should have the pleasure of hearing from them I will inform you."

We regret extremely having been the means, even indirectly, of misleading our readers. The advertisement in question was inserted on the faith of the newspaper notices it contains, which we imagine would be a sufficient guarantee of the good faith of the advertiser.

Those of our readers who have dealings with enterprises of this kind would do well to employ a third person who is at the headquarters of the persons with whom they wish to correspond. By so doing they would not be liable to fall into the hands of the proprietors of swindling concerns. We have written to New York to ascertain the standing of Messrs. Bridges, Foote & Co. In the mean time it is advisable to suspend judgment. Our correspondent would do well to write once more, enclosing money for return postage.

### REAL WORK.

No one will deny that the most arduous labor is that performed by the mind. Now, all mental work is up-hill work. No one can think without an effort. Thinking is not a function of man's nature, which is performed unconsciously or spontaneously. It is a very different thing from that passive state of mind in which a train of vague, shadowy ideas and half-ideas is allowed to pass through it, without any conscious exercise of will on our own part. To think at all, in the proper acceptance of the word, requires a strong effort of the will, forcing the intellectual faculties to some definite point. To think steadily and consecutively is hard work, and is very truly call up-hill work: for thought does not keep on progressive by accelerated by its own weight, as physical bodies are in descending an inclined plane; its progress is kept up, in spite of its own weight, by the force of will in the thinker, and each step forward is a painful step upwards.

To go from pure mental work to that sort of mixed labor, partly intellectual and partly un-intellectual, in which great part of the business of this world consists, a little consideration will convince the most indolent, that this, too, is mostly up-hill work. It is not so much a pleasant peculiarity of constitution that keeps a man regularly and steadily industrious, as a sense of duty, supporting and keeping together his educational habits and his natural aptitude. It is a very common form of deduction to say of a man who has been successful in life—one who has achieved good work for others as well as for himself—"Oh! he has been a very for-

fortunate man!" "A very lucky fellow!" Or, "Circumstances have conspired to favor him!" This sounds plausible and semi-philosophic; but it is generally the expression of a small feeling of envy, and should never be indulged in by those who value their moral health. Let them remember that circumstances never obtain uncontrolled power over men who dare to control them, and that they can be made to conspire in favor of those who learn how to bend them.

In common parlance, to say that a man is "fortunate," when he is industrious, and has used the right means to gain an end, is as unjust as it is to say that a man is "unfortunate" who is idle, and uses no proper means to gain his end. The industrious man is, probably, better aware of the charms of ease and rest than the lazy one, but he does not sit down at the foot of the hill of difficulties to enjoy them; he listens to the voice of conscience, which says within him, "there is work to be done up there, and you have your share to do." He begins to do it, and he finds that to do it all, he must be persevering, sober, and steady. And this not for a short time only, but for his whole life. Now the lazy, habitually idle, person does not understand this; and he must be made to understand it, before he can do justice to the successful man, whom he is contented to call lucky, forgetting the forceful old proverb, which says—"God helps those who help themselves." He must recognize the truth that nearly all work is against the grain, that there is a power of resistance to be overcome, that it is in a greater or less degree up-hill work, and cannot be performed, even by the most apt and industrious, as easily as the linnet pours forth its song. Perhaps the best method of opening the eyes of the naturally indolent to the merits of the industrious, is to induce them to read the biographies of great men. Here they will find an answer to the exclamatory question, "Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb?" Here they will find what is meant by hard work; work, in spite of all obstacles; work, often unassisted, unknown, unsympathized with. They will find that men of genius and men of talent do not lie down on a bed of roses to do their allotted task; and that those who have attempted to do anything of the kind have gradually lost their good gifts. Idleness is the root of all evil; and we shall not be very far off the truth if we say, that the root of all practical good in a man's character is the doing of up-hill work.

### NEWS CONDENSED.

**THE DOMINION.**—It is stated that some of Ottawa's prominent inhabitants are about to organize a Liberal Conservative Association. —Terrible accounts of the destruction caused by the recent gale came from nearly all points of the Maritime Provinces, Newfoundland, and the Magdalen Islands. —Several new judges will shortly be appointed for the Province of Quebec, under the Act passed by the Local Legislature last session. Mr. George O. Stuart, Q.C., of Quebec, at present acting as Judge in the Court of Vice Admiralty, will probably be appointed to that office as the successor of the late much lamented incumbent. —A Reform newspaper is about to be started at Ottawa. —A serious irregularity has been discovered on the part of one of the clerks in the money order office in Halifax, embezzlement to the extent of \$7,000. The clerk was arrested and lodged in jail. —It is believed that Parliament will be called together in November.

**UNITED STATES.**—It has been discovered in Brooklyn, N.Y., that a large amount of city securities are missing. —A Washington despatch says since the "Wawassett" disaster a private examination of the passenger and freight steamers running out of Baltimore and plying between intermediate landings in Chesapeake Bay has been made, showing that not one of the boats was equipped as the law provides. One boat, carrying as many passengers as the "Wawassett," had no life preservers, and yet had proper certificates. On one boat the engineer owned the bar, and waited on customers, while the fireman smoked his pipe in the bow of the boat, and the captain went to sleep. —A man named Irving, in jail in San Francisco, confesses that he is one of the murderers of Nathan in New York. He says the house-keeper's son got them to do the murder at the suggestion of Washington Nathan. He thinks the name of his confederate was McNally. He details the manner of committing the murder, and says he obtained seven thousand dollars from the safe. He came there as a sailor on a British ship. He confessed it to the second mate, and gave his name as Brown. He was thought to be insane. A commission of lunacy could not determine, but he appears sane. —There are said to be irregularities in the books at the City Hall, Newark, N.J.

**UNITED KINGDOM.**—Captain Halpin writes from the "Great Eastern" that the broken cable had been grappled and raised to the surface at the point designated by the electricians, but the fault was found to be still to the eastward. —The British Government has decided to send an expedition on from Cape Coast Castle against the Ashantees. Sir Garnet Wolseley will command the expedition and will be accompanied

by a distinguished staff of his colleagues of Red River, in addition to twenty selected officers, who are to organize native Fantee levies 15,000 strong. No British troop will accompany the expedition at present, but two battalions will be kept in readiness to co-operate if required. The expedition will leave Cape Coast Castle about New Year, and will return in March; operations are to be confined to the cool season. The Ashantees must be driven home. Sir Garnet Wolseley was to leave England on the 8th of September. —At the trial of the Tichborne claimant great excitement was created in court lately by the testimony of two witnesses who swore that they had seen Orton and Castro together in Australia, and they identified the claimant as the person who went under the name of Castro. —The Conservatives have carried the election at Shaftesbury to fill the place of the Hon. G. G. Glynn, raised to the peerage. —It is stated that the Ministry have determined to submit a statement of the budget to Parliament early in next session, on the basis of abolition of the income tax, on which, if the House refuses to sustain them, they will appeal to the country. —Six hundred pilgrims left London last week for Paray-le-Monial.

**FRANCE.**—A special session of the Cabinet Council has been held to consider what measures the Government may take to allay the troubles caused by the high price of bread. It has not yet transpired that any definite action is determined upon, but it is reported that the Cabinet were of opinion that the Government is authorized to abolish discriminating duties as to cereals without convoking the Assembly for legislative action on the subject. —During the past three months the French railroads have sold three hundred and sixty thousand tickets to religious pilgrims. —M. Beule, Minister of the Interior, has sent a circular to the Prefects of the Departments of France, directing them to prohibit demonstrations on the 4th of September, the anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic. —The trial of Marshal Bazaine will be held at Trianon, commencing on the 8th October. —The *Journal des Débats* has a significant article from M. Lemoine in which it says the Republic is impossible and France must have a liberal monarchy. —The Government has issued a decree relieving grain and flour from the surtax or additional imposts levied on account of the war indemnity and also from the bonding duty. —It is reported that the Government will pay to Germany the last instalment of the war indemnity on the 14th of October next. —Cholera has made its appearance among the troops quartered at Havre, having been communicated, it is thought, by the German emigrants en route for the United States. Fashionable loungers at Havre are much alarmed, and are leaving as rapidly as possible. —The Republican members of the Assembly will meet Thiers at Nancy on his return from Switzerland, and entertain him at a grand banquet. The towns in Alsace and Lorraine will be liberally represented, the prominent citizens in most of them having signified their intentions to join in the testimonial to Thiers. —The *Paris Figaro* publishes a proposal to the Royalists of France to subscribe money to rebuild the Palace of the Tuileries. The editor of the *Figaro* offers to head the subscription with a contribution of \$8,000.

**GERMANY.**—The Government has ordered the expulsion from the country of all immigration agents who fail to prove that they are German subjects. —On the 2nd inst., the anniversary of the German victory at Sedan, a monument commemorative of that event was unveiled in the King's Palace amidst the enthusiastic acclamation of thousands of citizens. The city was gaily decorated, and the day was given over to festivity. —The Roman Catholic Bishop Kolle, has been sentenced to a fine of 400 thalers, and Bishop Liedoczowski one of 200 thalers, for infraction of ecclesiastical law in appointing clergymen without obtaining the sanction of the state authorities. —A dispatch from Leipzig says riots have occurred there in which a number of persons were injured; the authorities were compelled to call out the troops. The city is now tranquil, but troops are posted at various points. It is not stated what occasioned the riots. —It is reported that seventeen Krupp guns have been shipped from Kiel for the Carlists.

**AUSTRIA.**—Many of the exhibitors at Vienna believe that justice was not done respecting the awards of the Imperial Commissioners, and have held a consultation with regard to creating a committee to examine the cases forwarded to the American Commission. There are over 25 reclamations, including two for diplomas of honor. Hopes are entertained that further awards will be granted. Considerable excitement has been created among those interested in the affairs of the Exposition, by the refusal of an English firm, to accept a medal of merit which was awarded by the Judges.

**SWITZERLAND.**—The project of an International Postal Congress, to be held at Berne has been abandoned.

**SPAIN.**—It is reported in Madrid that the Carlists are marching on Tafalla. —Don Carlos has issued stringent orders against interference by his forces with railway communication. Penalty of death is decreed for the violation of this order. The Carlists are repairing the telegraphic lines in the Northern Provinces.

A telegram from the North announces a defeat of the Carlists under Saballo, after four hours' fighting. —The Carlist forces have

resumed the siege of Bilbao. —The Madrid Government is powerless to prevent the landing of arms and ammunition for the Carlists on the Calabrian coasts, because of the large force required to operate against the insurgents. —It is reported that the Republicans have under advisement the plan of issuing letters of marque to private vessels to cruise in the Bay of Biscay. —Ten thousand republican troops have arrived at Vittoria, in the Province of Alava, on their way to Estella. —A special says the Carlist troops are threatening Caspe in the Province of Saragossa, which is garrisoned by a small body of Republican troops.

The Carlists claim that the Spaniards of the Island of Cuba are contributing liberally for the support of the cause of Don Carlos. —Lizarraguy with three thousand men is reported marching to reinforce the Carlists force besieging Estella, who now number eight thousand.

The latter were again defeated on Monday, with a considerable loss by the republican force in Estella; the republican loss was fifty.

It is estimated that if Don Carlos is successful in gaining the throne of Spain, the debt of the country will be increased one-third. —It is rumored that Don Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, will shortly attempt to proclaim his succession to the throne on Spanish soil. —The Government has information which leads to the belief that the Carlists and insurgents are acting in concert. —The Cartagena insurgents have liberated all the Carlist prisoners in the city. The Carlists in turn liberate all Communist prisoners who happen to fall into their hands. Many of the Communists who have been implicated in the recent excesses are fleeing to the Carlist lines and enlisting.

The Cortes has, by a vote of 119 nays against 42 yeas, rejected the proposition to grant no amnesty to the insurgents. —The Government has presented a bill in the Cortes, calling into the army all males between the ages of 20 and 35. —A project to raise a loan, the payment of which will be guaranteed from revenues arising from the tobacco monopoly of the Philippine Islands, has been presented in the Cortes. The bill also abolishes compulsory labor on tobacco plantations by natives. The motion was declared urgent. —At a meeting of the majority of the Cortes it was resolved to suspend the session of that body from the 1st September till the 3rd November. It was also decided to pass a vote of confidence in the Ministry before taking recess. —The insurgents in Cartagena are very resolute and are rendering the place impregnable there. Their danger is from internal discord. The members of the moderate party have requested the foreign Consuls to obtain an amnesty for them from the Madrid Government. Cartagena is completely invested on the land side by the Republican troops, under General Martinez Campos. It is reported that a mutinous spirit prevails in the squadron under Admiral Lobos.

The London *Times* this morning publishes the following particulars of the negotiations between British Vice-Admiral Yelverton and the Cartagena insurgents, in regard to the removal of the Spanish iron-clads "Almanza" and "Vittoria." Upon notice from the Admiral of his intention to take the vessels, the insurgents answered that the forts would open fire upon the British squadron if the attempt was made. This was on the 28th. The ram "Numancia" was brought to anchor at the entrance of Escambray Bay, within range of the "Lord Warden," the British flag ship, and the two vessels lay with their broadsides towards each other. The "Lord Warden" carries 18 guns, and is an iron-plated screw steamer of 4,080 tons. The "Numancia" is an iron clad steamer and carries 40 sixty-eight pounders. On the 29th, Vice-Admiral Yelverton replied that he would allow forty hours for reconsideration, at the expiration of which time he would take the vessels. After the Admiral's notification the insurgent Junta proposed that he should pledge his faith for his Government that they would be held at Gibraltar, and not turned over to the Madrid armament. This proposition was rejected, and the British Commander informed the Junta that he would take the vessels to Gibraltar and then recommend to his Government that they be not surrendered until the affair of Cartagena was settled, but that he declined to give his personal guarantee on the subject. At this the insurgent leaders were very much exasperated and the Junta issued orders to the commanders of rebel vessels to go down the Bay and be prepared to resist by force the removal of the iron clads. The English Consul prepared to leave Cartagena and a conflict seemed unavoidable. This was the condition of affairs when the correspondent sent the despatches published this morning, probably to the 31st of August. On the 1st a brief telegram was received from Madrid announcing that Vice-Admiral Yelverton had taken the vessels and that there was no conflict. Whether the insurgent leaders abandoned their extreme position or in what manner the trouble was avoided is not yet known. —Socialistic troubles of a serious nature have broken out in Andalusia, in the neighborhood of the town of Jimena. The farm laborers have banded together for the purpose of demanding and endeavoring to enforce a division of property. They have burned forty farm houses of those who opposed them and committed other excesses. Some of the rioters have been arrested.

**MEXICO.**—An inundation of Guanajuato from a water spout occurred, and a great deal of property has been destroyed and a number of lives lost. —A preliminary meeting of Congress took place on September 1st. The permanent opening occurs on the 16th.



A HOLIDAY.

BY E. D. RICE.

One day we left our cares behind,  
And trimmed our sails at early morn;  
And by the willing western wind  
Far o'er the sea were borne.

We left behind the city's din;  
We found a world new-made from night:—  
At every sense there entered in  
Some subtle, fresh delight.

The west wind rocked us as we lay  
Within the boat, and idly scanned  
The dim horizon far away  
For some fair, unknown land.

And on and on we drifted thus,  
Not caring whither we might roam;—  
For all the world, that day, to us  
Was Paradise, was home.

And as we sailed, a sweet surprise  
Of comfort in the present, grew;—  
We saw old things with clearer eyes,  
We dreaded less the new.

The past and future seemed to blend;  
Remembrance missed her shadow, grief;  
Anticipation was a friend,  
And hope became belief.

The strangeness vanished out of life;  
Affliction dropped its stern disguise;  
And suffering, weariness and strife  
Were changed before our eyes.

So, but more clear, from hills of God,  
Our life on earth one day shall show;  
And the dim path that here we trod  
With purest light shall glow.

Too quickly sped the hours away;—  
The evening brought us home again;  
And after that brief holiday  
Came toil, and care, and pain.

Yet like a peaceful dream, that long  
Will steal into the waking thought,  
Or like a well-remembered song,  
That happy tears has brought,—

That bright, brief summer holiday,  
The willing wind, the sea, the sky,  
Gave gifts no winter takes away,  
And hopes that cannot die.

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Aulley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER VIII.

LUCIUS INCLINES TO SUSPICION.

Towards morning self-indulgent habits triumphed over anxious love. After tossing all night in feverish unrest, M. Hossack slept soundly until noon; but not a commonplace slumber, for the visions of his head upon his bed were made beautiful to him by the image of his beloved. She was with him in that dream-world where all is smooth and fair as the wide bosom of Danube or Rhine when no storm-wind ruffles his waters; a world where there were neither sick children nor concerts—nothing but happiness and love.

He awakened himself reluctantly from so sweet a delusion, dressed and breakfasted hurriedly, and went straight to the little draper's shop at the far end of Stillmington. After Mrs. Bertram's gentler manner last night, he felt as if he might venture to approach her. Sorrow had brought them nearer to each other; she who had so sternly repulsed his love had not rejected his sympathy. She had thanked him, even, for his proffered aid, in that thrilling voice which in speech as in song went straight to his heart.

The young woman was behind the counter when he went in, reading a number of a penny magazine in pensive solitude.

"How is the little girl this morning?" he asked eagerly.

"O, sir, I'm sorry to say she's not so well. She was light-headed last night, and her poor mother sat up, and look! as pale as a ghost to-day, and the doctor seems more serious like. But as mother tells Mrs. Bertram, it's only scarlatina; it isn't as if it was scarlet fever, you know."

The little door of communication between the shop and the staircase opened at this moment, and Jane Bertram's pale face appeared—how pale and wan! He could not have thought one night's suffering would have worked such a change.

"She is worse," she said, looking at the girl with haggard eyes that hardly seemed to have

sight in them. "For God's sake, run for the doctor."

"She can't be so bad as all that. Come, bear up, Mrs. Bertram, that's a dear," answered the girl, kindly. "You're so nervous, and you're not used to illness. I'll run and fetch Mr. Vincent if you like, but I daresay there's no need."

She shuffled on her bonnet as she spoke.

"I don't know," Mrs. Bertram said helplessly; "I don't know what I ought to do; she was never so ill before."

She went up-stairs, Geoffrey following, emboldened by pity. He stood by the open door of the little bedroom—commonly furnished, but neat and spotless in its pure drapery of white dimity, its well-scrubbed floor, and freshly-papered wall. The sick child lay with her golden hair spread loosely on the pillow, her blue eyes bright with fever. The landlady sat by the bed, sharing the mother's watch.

Mrs. Bertram bent over the child, kissed her with fond passionate kisses, and murmured broken words of love, then turned towards the door, surprised to see the intruder.

that he will come as quickly as an express train can bring him."

Her eyes brightened a little, and she gave him a look full of gratitude.

"How good of you to think of this!" she said. "O yes, pray, pray send for him. Such a man as that might save my darling, even if she were in danger, and the doctor here says there is no danger. Pray send for this good man. I am not very rich, but I will gladly pay any fee within my means, and be his debtor for further payment in the future."

"He will not want payment," answered Geoffrey, with a smile. "He is my friend, and would make a longer journey than between this and London to serve me. Rely upon it, he will be with you before this evening. Good-bye, Mrs. Bertram, and try to be hopeful. If I thought there were a better man in all London than the man I am going to summon, rely upon it I would have that better man."

He gave her his hand, which she did not refuse; at least, she let her feverish little hand rest in his for one brief delicious moment, perhaps unconsciously. But he felt that he had

deal, and he went back to his hotel, smoked a cigar, played a game at pyramids with some officers from the Stillmington Barracks, and thus beguiled the time until a waiter brought him the answer to his telegram. It was brief and decisive:

"I shall come to Stillmington by the last train. Must see patients before leaving."

The last train! That meant considerable delay. It was now four o'clock, and the last train came into Stillmington at eleven. How coolly these doctors take things! Geoffrey felt as if his friend ought to have abandoned all his other patients to their fates for the sake of this sick child. The last train! Was this the measure of friendship?

Happily the latest report of the little girl was cheering. Doubtless all would be well. On the strength of this hope Geoffrey dined, and dined tolerably well, having asked the officers to share his meal. This hospitality prolonged the business of dining till after nine o'clock, when Geoffrey pleaded an engagement as an excuse for getting rid of his guests, and went for the third time that day to Marlow-street. He had drunk little or nothing at the social board, and had felt the exercise of hospitality somewhat irksome; but he was the kind of young man to whom dinner-giving is an absolute necessity.

The draper's shop in Marlow-street had closed its shutters, but the door stood open, and the damsel in ringlets was airing herself on the threshold after the labors of a day which had brought her about half a dozen customers.

To Geoffrey's question, which had become almost a formula, she answered hopefully. The child was better. She had sat up for a minute and had drunk a cup of milk, and had taken sundry spoonfuls of beef-tea, and had eaten three grapes, and had spoken "quite lively and sensible-like. Children are so soon down, and so soon up again," said the damsel. "It's no good taking on about them, as I told Mrs. Bertram this morning."

"She is happier now, I suppose?" said Geoffrey.

"O dear, yes, quite herself again."

"Will you ask her if I may see her for a minute or two? I want to tell her about the doctor I have sent for."

The girl went up-stairs, and returned speedily.

"Mrs. Bertram will be happy to see you," she said, "if you will please to walk up."

If he would please to walk up! Would he please to enter paradise, did its gates stand open for him? To see her even in her grief was sweet as a foretaste of heaven.

She received him this evening with a smile.

"God has heard my prayer," she said; "my little darling is better. I really don't think I need have troubled your kind friend to come down. I begin to feel more confidence in Mr. Vincent, now that my treasure is better."

"I am rejoiced to hear it. But my friend will be here to-night. He is one of the best of men. He saved my life once under circumstances of much hardship and danger. We have faced death together. I should not be here to tell you this but for Lucius Davoren."

"Lucius Davoren!" She repeated the name with a wondering look, horror-stricken, her hand clutching the back of the chair from which she had risen. "Is your friend's name Lucius Davoren?"

"Yes. Can it be possible that you know him? That would be very strange."

"No," she said slowly; "I do not know this friend of yours. But his name is associated with a somewhat painful memory."

"Very painful, I fear, or you would hardly have grown so pale at the mention of his name," said Geoffrey, with a jealous horror of anything like a secret in his divinity's past life.

"I was foolish to be agitated by such a trifle. After all it's only a coincidence. I daresay there are a good many Davorens in the world," she answered carelessly.

"I doubt it. Davoren is not a common name."

"Has your friend, this Mr. Lucius Davoren, been successful in life?"

"I can hardly say that. As I told you when I first spoke of him, he is by no means distinguished. He is indeed almost at the beginning of his professional career. Yet were I racked with the most obscure of diseases, I should laugh at your specialists to scorn and cry, 'Send for Lucius Davoren!'"

"He is poor, I suppose?" she asked curiously.

"Very likely; in the sense of having no money for luxury, splendor, or pleasure—things which he holds in sovereign contempt. He can afford to give the best years of his youth to patient labor among the poor. That is the education he has chosen for himself, rather than a West-end practice and a single brougham; and I believe he will find it the shortest road to everlasting fame."

"I am glad you believe in him," she said warmly, "since he is such a great man."

"But you have not yet recovered from the shock his name caused you just now."

"Not quite. My darling's illness has made me nervous. If you think your friend will not be offended, I would rather avoid seeing him," she added, in a pleading tone. "I really don't feel well enough to see a stranger. I have passed through such alternations of hope and fear during the last few days. Will your friend forgive me if I leave Mrs. Grabbit to receive his instructions? She is a good soul, and will forget nothing he tells her."

"Do just as you like," replied Geoffrey, mystified, and somewhat disturbed in mind by this proposition; "of course you needn't see him unless you please. But he's a very good fellow, and my truest friend. I should like you to



"AUTUMN FLOWERS."

"You here!" she exclaimed, seeing Geoffrey, but with no anger in the sorrowful face.

"Yes, I want so much to be of use to you. Will you spare me two minutes in here?" he asked, pointing to the sitting-room, the door of which stood open. "The little girl is safe with our good friend."

"Yes," the mother answered piteously. "I can do nothing for her. Only God can help us—only He who pitied the sinful woman in her agony."

The words struck strangely on his ear, but he let them pass unnoticed as the wild cry of an almost despairing soul. What should she have to do with sin? she in whose countenance reigned purity and a proud innocence none could dare impeach.

"I spoke to you last night about getting farther advice," he said. "Mind, I don't suppose it's in the least degree necessary; your child's recovery is no doubt merely a question of time. These childish fevers must run their course. But I can see that you are unduly anxious. It might be a comfort to you to see another doctor, a man especially experienced in the treatment of children. I know just such a man—one who has been particularly successful with children; not an eminent man by any means, but one who has worked among the poor, whose heart is in his profession, whose work is really a labor of love. I can speak of him with perfect confidence, for he is my friend, and I know him to be true. Let me telegraph for him; I am sure

gained ground since that day in the garden. He had won the right to approach her.

He jumped into the first fly he met, told the man to drive his hardest to the railway station—it was before the days of postal telegraph offices—and dispatched his message, paying for both telegram and reply.

The message ran thus:

"From Geoffrey Hossack, Stillmington, Warwickshire, to Lucius Davoren, 103 Shadrack Basin-road, London.

"Come here at once to see a sick child. No time to be lost. Your coming quickly will be the greatest favor you can do me. The patient's address is 15 Marlow-street, New-town, Stillmington. Answer paid for."

The telegram handed over to the clerk, he began to speculate upon the probabilities of delay. After all, this telegraphic system, which would have seemed so miraculous to our ancestors, is not rapid enough for the impatience of Young England's impetuous spirit.

It seems a slow business at the best. Science has made the matter swift as light, but clerkly sluggishness and slow-footed messengers clog electricity's wings, and a message which takes a hundred seconds for its actual transmission from the operator to the dial may not be delivered for a couple of hours.

Geoffrey went back to Marlow-street to hear the last tidings of the little patient. She was sleeping peacefully, and her mother seemed more hopeful. This lightened his heart a good



have made his acquaintance. You'll think me a selfish beg—fellow for saying so; but I really believe you'd have a better opinion of me if you knew Lucius Davoren. His friendship is a kind of certificate. But of course, if you'd rather not see him, there's an end of it. I'll tell him that you have unpleasant associations with his name, and that the very mention of it agitated you."

"No!" she cried, with a vehemence that startled him. "For God's sake, say nothing, tell him nothing, except that I am too ill to see any one. I detest anything like fuss. And why make a mountain out of the veriest molehill? His name reminded me of past sorrow, that is all."

"Capricious," thought Geoffrey, "with a temper by no means as regular as the classic beauty of her face, I daresay. But were she as violent as Shakespeare's shrew before Petruchio tamed her, I should not the less adore her. Past sorrow! Some doctor called Davoren may have attended her husband on his death-bed. She is just the kind of woman to lock her heart up in a tomb, and then go about the world luring mankind to their destruction by her calm passionless beauty, and answering all with the same dismal sentence, 'My heart is with the dead.'"

He submitted to Mrs. Bertram's decision. He promised to meet his friend at the station, bring him straight to the sick-room, and with his own hand carry Mr. Davoren's prescription to the chief chemist of Stillmington.

And thus he left her; perplexed, but not all unhappy. Blessings on that sweet child for her timeless indisposition! It had opened the way to his acquaintance with the mother; an acquaintance which, beginning with service and sympathy, promised to ripen quickly into friendship.

The last train brought Lucius. The friends met with a strong hand-grasp, a few hearty words of greeting, and then walked swiftly from the station, which, after the manner of provincial stations, had been placed a good half mile from the town, for the advantage of local fly-drivers, no doubt, and the livery-stable interest.

"And pray who is this small patient in whose welfare you are so concerned, Geoff?" asked Lucius. "Has some piteous case of local distress awakened your dormant philanthropy? I know you're a good fellow, but I didn't know you went in for district-visiting."

"There's no philanthropy in the question, Lucius. Only selfish, pig-headed love. I say pig-headed, because the lady doesn't value my affection; scorns it, in fact. But I hold on with a bulldog pertinacity. After all, you see, an Englishman's highest quality is his bulldoggedness."

"But what has your bulldog affection to do with a sick child?"

"Heaven bless the little innocent. One would suppose she had fallen ill on purpose to bring about my acquaintance with her most unapproachable mother. Don't you remember my telling you that Mrs. Bertram has a little girl—a red-legged angel, after Millais?"

"Oh, yes, by the way, there was a child," said Lucius indifferently. Then warming as he contemplated the case in its professional aspect, "She is not very ill, I hope?"

"Scarlatina," replied Geoffrey. "But she seems to be mending to-night."

"Scarlatina!" exclaimed Lucius; "and you brought me down to Stillmington to see a case of scarlatina, which any local apothecary would understand just as well as I!"

"You dear old fellow! Don't be angry. It wasn't so much the scarlatina. I wanted you to see Mrs. Bertram. I wanted you to see with your own eyes that the woman I love is worthy of any man's affection."

"And you think I should be in a position to decide that question after half-an-hour's acquaintance? A question which has taken some men a lifetime to solve, and which some have left unanswered at their death. No, Geoff, I don't pretend to be wiser than other men where a woman's character is in question. And if my instinct warned me against your enchantress, and if I should advise you speedily to forget her, how much do you think my counsel would influence you?"

"Not much, I'm afraid, Lucius. It wouldn't be very easy for me to cast off her thrall. I am her willing bondsman. Nothing less than the knowledge that she is unworthy of my love—that her past life holds some dishonorable secret—would change my purpose. She has left my letters unanswered, she has rejected my offered devotion, and with something like scorn; yet there has been a look in her face, more transient than an April sunbeam, that has given me hope. I mean to hold on—I mean to win her love—in spite of herself, if need be."

He gave a brief sketch of that little scene in the garden, his audacity, her almost contemptuous indifference; and then explained how fortune, or, as he put it, the scarlatina, had smiled upon him.

"And you think, notwithstanding her affected indifference, that she loves you?"

"Loves is too strong a word. What have I done to deserve her love, except follow her as a collie follows a flock of sheep? What is there in me to deserve or attract her love? I am not ravishingly beautiful. I do not sing with a heart-penetrating voice. It is only natural I should worship her. It is the old story of the moon and the water brooks."

"But you talked about a look which gave you hope."

"A look; yes, Davoren. Such a look—sorrow and tenderness, regret, despair, all blended in

one swift glance from those divine eyes—a look that might madden a man. Such a look as Paris may have seen in Helen's eyes before he planned the treason that ended in flaming Troy. But after all it may have meant nothing; it may have existed only in my wild imagining. When a man is as deep in love as I am, Heaven only knows to what hallucinations he may be subject."

"Well," said Lucius cheerily, with that practical spirit which men bring to bear upon other men's passions, "I shall see the lady, and be able at least to form some opinion as to whether she loves you or not. Whether she be worthy of your love is a question I would not attempt to solve, but the other is easier. I think I shall discover if she loves you. What a pleasant smell of the country—newly-turned earth and budding hedgerows—there is about here! It refreshes my senses after the odors of the Shad-rack-road, where we have a wonderful combination of bone-burning, tan-yard, and soap caldron."

"I am glad you enjoy the country air," said Geoffrey, in a somewhat sheepish tone, "and I do hope you'll be able to spare to-morrow for a dog-cart exploration of the neighborhood, as that may atone for my having brought you here somewhat on a fool's errand. The fact is, Mrs. Bertram would rather not see you."

"Rather not see the doctor who has come from London to attend her sick child! An odd kind of mother."

"You're wrong, Lucius; she's a most devoted mother. I never saw any one so broken down as she was this morning, before the little thing took a turn for the better. Don't run away with any false notion of that kind; she idolises that child. Only she has knocked herself up with nursing; and she has been alarmed, and agitated, and, in short, isn't in a fit state to see any one."

"Except you," said Lucius.

"My dear fellow, in her distress about the child she has thought no more of me than if I were—a—gingham umbrella," said Geoffrey, after casting about wildly for a comparison. "She thinks of nothing but that red-legged angel. And you can imagine that at such a moment she would shrink from seeing a stranger."

"Even the doctor who comes to see her child. She is the first mother I ever knew to act in such a manner. Don't be angry with me, Geoff, if I say that this looks to me very much as if your divinity feared to trust herself to eyes less blind than yours—as if she knew there is that in herself, or in her life, which would not impress a dispassionate observer favorably. Your blind worship has made her a goddess. She doesn't want to come down from her pedestal in the shadowy temple of your imagination into the broad glare of every-day life."

Of course Geoffrey was angry. Was he a fool, or a schoolboy, to be caught by meretricious charms—to take tinsel for gold?

"I have seen women enough in my time to know a good one when I meet one; and that this woman is good and true I will stake my life, my hope of winning her even, which is dearer to me than life."

"And if you found her less than you believe her, you would do what you said three months ago—pluck her out of your heart?"

"Yes, though her jesses were my heart-strings."

"Good; that's all I want to know. I tell you frankly, Geoff, I don't like this wandering apprenticeship to your new divinity. I don't like the idea of a life-passion picked up by the roadside—of all your hopes of future happiness being grounded upon a woman of whom you know absolutely nothing."

"Only that she is the noblest woman I ever met," said Geoffrey doggedly.

"Which means that she has a handsome face," said the other.

## CHAPTER X.

### SOMETHING TOO MUCH FOR GRATITUDE.

By this time Mr. Hossack and his friend had come from the pleasant country road into the shabbiest outskirts of Stillmington, that outskirts which contained Marlow-street. Strange that even in so select a town as Stillmington, Poverty will set up its tents.

The shop had been shut some time, but the door stood ajar, and a light burnt dimly within. Geoffrey and his companion were expected. Miss Grabbit was yawning over a tattered novel in her accustomed place behind the counter.

"O, is it the doctor, sir?" she exclaimed, brightening. "Will you walk up-stairs, please? Mother's with the little girl, and she's been sleeping beautiful. I feel sure she's took a turn."

"Is Mrs. Bertram up-stairs?" asked Geoffrey. "No, she's lying down a bit on our sofa in there," pointing to the closed door of communication between the shop and parlor. "She was right down worn out, and mother persuaded her to try and get a little rest. Mother will take all your directions, sir," she added to Lucius.

That gentleman bowed, but said nothing. A curious mother this. The mothers he knew were wont to hang upon his words as on the sacred sentences of an oracle. He followed Geoffrey up the narrow stairs to the little bedroom where the child lay asleep. The pure spotless look of the small chamber struck him, and the beauty of the child's face was no common beauty. There was something in it which impressed him familiarly—something that seemed familiar—familiar as a half-remembered dream. Great God, was it not his dead sister's face that this

one recalled to him—the face of the little sister who died years ago?

The fancy moved him deeply; and his hand trembled a little as he lightly raised the bed-clothes from the child's throat and chest, with that gentle touch of the doctor's skilful hand, and bent down to listen to the breathing. All was satisfactory. He went through his examination calmly enough, that transient emotion once conquered; felt the slender wrist, performed that unpleasant operation with a silver spoon, to which we have all submitted our unwilling throats at divers periods, and then pronounced that all was going on well.

He had gone round the bed to the side facing the door, in order to get nearer to his patient, who lay nearer this side than the other. He sat by the pillow, and gave his directions to Mrs. Grabbit without looking up from the little girl, whose hot hand lay gently held in his, while his grave eyes were bent upon the small fever-flushed face. Geoffrey had entered softly during the last few moments, and stood at the foot of the bed.

When Lucius had finished his instructions as to treatment, he looked up.

The door opposite the bed was open, and a woman stood upon the threshold—a tall slim figure dressed in black, a pale anxious face, beautiful even in its sadness.

At sight of that silent figure, the surgeon started from his seat with a smothered cry of surprise. The sad eyes met his steadily with an imploring look, a look that for him spoke plainly enough.

Geoffrey looked at him wonderingly, perplexed by that startled movement.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing. But I saw a lady looking in at that door. The mother perhaps."

Geoffrey darted into the sitting-room. Yes, she was there, standing by the window in the wanlight of a week-old moon, with tears streaming down her face.

"My dear Mrs. Bertram, pray, pray do not distress yourself!" cried Geoffrey, to whom the office of consoler was new and strange. "All is going on well; nothing could be more satisfactory—Lucius says so. She will be herself again in a few days."

"Thank God, and thank your friend for me," she said, in a voice choked with sobs. "I could not rest down-stairs; I wanted to hear what he said. Tell him I thank him with all my heart."

"Thank him with your own lips," pleaded Geoffrey; "he will value your words far above mine. And you don't know what a good fellow he is."

"Let Mrs. Bertram feel assured that I am only too happy to have been of use," said the voice of Lucius from the threshold.

Mrs. Bertram hurried to the door, where the surgeon's figure stood, tall and dark, on the unlighted landing.

"O, let me speak to him, let me take his hand!" she cried, with uncontrollable agitation; and the next moment stood face to face with Lucius Davoren, with her hand clasped in his.

They could hardly see each other's faces, but that was a lingering handclasp. Geoffrey stood a little way apart, watching them with some slight wonder, and thinking that quite so much gratitude could hardly be necessary even for a doctor who had travelled over a hundred miles to write a prescription for an idolised child.

"It's a pity I'm not in the medical line myself," he thought, somewhat bitterly; and yet he had been so anxious that Mrs. Bertram should acknowledge his friend's services.

He reflected that a doating mother was doubtless a foolish creature. He must not be angry with his divinity if she seemed hysterical, or even in a state bordering on distraction.

"Come, Lucius," he said; "Mrs. Bertram has gone through no end of agitation to-day, or rather yesterday, for it's past midnight. We had better leave her to rest."

"Yes," said Lucius, in a slow thoughtful tone, "good-night. I will come to see the little girl again early to-morrow morning—say at eight o'clock—as I must leave Stillmington soon after nine."

"O, come," remonstrated Geoffrey, "you must give yourself a holiday to-morrow."

"Impossible. Pain and disease will not give my patients a holiday."

"But surely their complaints can stand over for a day or so," said Geoffrey. "Parish patients can't have such complicated diseases. I thought all the worst evils flesh is heir to came from high living."

"There are numerous diseases that come from low feeding, or almost no feeding at all. No; I must go back by an early train to-morrow. But I should like to see you at eight o'clock, if that will not be to soon, Mrs. Bertram."

"Not at all too soon," she answered; and they departed, Geoffrey with an uncomfortable foreboding that, so soon as the little girl recovered, his occupation would be gone. What other excuse could he find for intruding himself upon Mrs. Bertram's solitude?

"Well, Lucius," he began, as soon as they were clear of the house, "what do you think of her?"

"I think she is very handsome," answered Lucius, with a thoughtful slowness which was peculiarly irritating to his friend. "What more can I think of her after so brief an interview? She seems, with an almost painful effort, 'very fond of her child. I am very sorry for her unprotected and solitary position; but—'"

"But what?" cried Geoffrey impatiently. "How you torment the soul of a fellow with your measured syllables!"

"I think the very wisest—nay, the only rational—thing you can do is to forget her."

"Never! And why should I wish to forget her?"

"Because all surrounding circumstances point to the conclusion that she is no fitting wife for you. A woman so lovely, so accomplished, would hardly lead so lonely a life—I don't speak of her professional career, since that is a natural use for a woman to make of a fine voice if she wants to get her own living. If there were not some strong reason for her seclusion—some painful secret in the past, some fatal tie in the present. She knows you to be young, generous, wealthy, and her devoted slave; yet she rejects your devotion. She would scarcely repulse such a lover were she free to marry. Believe me, there is something in the background, some obstacle which you will never overcome. Be warned in time, my dear old true-hearted Geoffrey; don't waste the best years of your life in the pursuit of a woman who can never reward your affection, who was not born to make you happy. There are plenty of women in the world quite as lovely, and—I won't say better worthy of you,—with ever so faint a quiver of his voice, "but better able to bless your love."

"When I meet such a woman I will forget her," answered the other. "I thought you were a better judge of human nature, Lucius; I thought you would be able to recognize a good and pure woman when you saw one. True that you have seen very little of this one; yet you saw her with her fond mother's heart bared before you; you saw her warm and grateful nature. You had sneered at her as a heartless mother: see how facts falsified your unkind suspicion. You saw her moved to passionate tears by the mere thought of your kindness to her child."

"For God's sake, say no more about her!" cried Lucius, with sudden passion. "The subject will breed a quarrel between us. You wanted my advice, and I have given it you—dispassionately. Reason, not feeling, has influenced my words. Pure, good, true; yes, I would willingly believe her all that, did I not—did not circumstances point to the other conclusion. It is hard to look in her face and say, 'This is not a woman to be loved and trusted. But are you the man to endure a shameful secret in your wife's past history? Could you face the hazard of some cruel discovery after marriage—a discovery which would show you the woman you love as a victim, perhaps, but not without guilt?'"

"I will never believe her less than she seems to me at this moment!" cried Geoffrey. "What makes you speculate on her past life? Why suppose that there must be some ignominious secret? Only because she gets her own living, I suppose; because she is obliged to travel about the world without her own maid, and has no footman or carriage, or circle of polite acquaintances, and possibly has never been presented at court. I wonder at you, Davoren; I could not have believed you were so narrow-minded."

"Think me narrow-minded, if you like, but be warned by me. My voice to-night is the voice of the majority, which always takes the narrowest view of every question. You have asked for my advice, and you shall have it, however distasteful. Don't marry a woman of whom you know so little as you know about Mrs. Bertram."

"Thanks for your advice. Of course I know you mean well, old fellow; but if Mrs. Bertram would take me for her husband to-morrow, I would be the proudest man in Stillmington, or in Christendom."

"I think I know enough of her to feel very sure she will never to consent to marry you," said Lucius.

"You are quick in forming conclusions," exclaimed Geoffrey, with a somewhat distrustful glance at his friend, "considering that you saw Mrs. Bertram for something less than five minutes."

They arrived at the hotel, where Geoffrey, although displeased with his friend, was not forgetful of hospitality's sacred rites. He ordered a spatchcock and a bottle of Roederer, and over this modest repast the two young men sat till late, talking of that subject which filled Geoffrey's heart and mind. Like a child, he was one moment angry with his friend, and in the next eager to hear all that Lucius could say about his passion and its object—eager for advice which he had no idea of following; bent upon proving, by love's eloquent oratory, that his divinity was all that is perfect among women. And so the night waned; and Geoffrey and his guest were the last among the inmates of that respectable family hotel to retire to their chambers in the long corridor, where the old-fashioned eight-day clock ticked solemnly in the deep of night.

Geoffrey would fain have presented himself in Marlow-street next morning with his friend, but, having no reasonable excuse for visiting Mrs. Bertram at such an early hour, he contented himself with accompanying Lucius to the end of the street and then walking on to the station, there to await his coming.

He had to wait a good deal longer than he had expected, and as the slow minute hand crept round to the dial of the station clock his impatience increased to fever point. He had a good mind to go back to Marlow-street. What in heaven's name could Lucius have to say about that simple case of scarlatina which could not be said in a quarter of an hour? Ten minutes had been enough last night; to-day he had been more than an hour. Nine had struck on that slow-going station clock. The next up-train went at 9.15. Did Lucius mean to miss it, after all his talk about his London patients? As it was, he could not be in London till the afternoon,



It seemed to Geoffrey as if this morning visit to the sick child was somewhat supererogatory, since Lucius had declared the case to be one of the simplest.

Fretting himself thus he left the station, and on the windy high road between trim hedges, in which the hawthorn was sprouting greenly, and the little white flower-buds already began to show themselves, saw Lucius hurrying towards him at a sharp pace.

"I thought you meant to lose the next train," said Geoffrey, somewhat sharply. "Well, what's your news?"

"The little girl has passed a very quiet night, and is going on capitally, and you need have no further alarm."

"I didn't ask you about the little girl. You would hardly spend an hour talking about the scarlatina—Keep her cool, and give her the mixture regularly; and as soon as she is able to eat let her have the wing of a chicken—as if one didn't know all that bosh. Why, you doctors rattle it off just as we used to say our Latin verbs at Winchester—*amo, amas, amat*, and so on. Of course you have been talking about other things—drawing Mrs. Bertram out, I suppose? Come, Lucius, we've only five minutes. What did you think of her to-day?"

"The same as I thought last night. That she is a beautiful and noble woman, but that her past life has been overshadowed by some sad secret which we are never likely to know."

"And you still warn me against her?"

"Still, with all my strength. Admire her, and respect her for all that is admirable in her nature, pity her for her misfortunes, but keep aloof."

"Thanks for your remarkably disinterested advice," said Geoffrey, with a bitter laugh. "After devoting an hour of your precious time to this lady's society, you arrive at the conclusion that she is the last woman in the world for me. Yet you pay that child an unnecessary visit this morning in order to see the mother once more, and you come to me with a face as pale as—as the countenance of treachery itself."

"Geoffrey!"

"However, as I don't mean to take your advice it makes very little difference. By the bye, here's your fee, Lucius; I promised Mrs. Bertram to see to that," and he tried to thrust a folded cheque into the surgeon's hand.

This Lucius rejected with infinite scorn.

"What! you first ask my opinion, then call me a traitor because it happens not to jump with your own fancy, and then offer me money for a service for which you must know I could never dream of accepting payment. How utterly this foolish infatuation has changed you! But I have no time for discussion. Good-bye. There goes the bell, and I have to get my ticket."

They ran into the station. Geoffrey, penitent already, stuck close to his friend until Lucius was seated in the second-class carriage which was to take him back to London and hard labor. Then he stretched out his hand.

"Shake hands, old fellow," he said, with a remorseful look; "of course I didn't mean anything, or only in a Pickwickian sense. Good-bye."

The train bore off its burden, and left Geoffrey stranded on the platform, perplexed, unhappy.

"I daresay he is right," he said to himself, "and I know that he is a good fellow. Yet why did he stay so long with her, and why did he look so pale and thoughtful when I met him?"

(To be continued.)

## WONDERFUL AUTOMATA.

### AN ACCOUNT OF SOME CURIOUS MACHINES.

In the following paper we shall present to our readers, descriptions of a few very remarkable mechanical automata, which, in ancient and modern times, have excited the wonder both of the learned and ignorant. It is, of course, impossible to include within the limits of a single article allusions to more than a very small portion of the whole number of such contrivances that have become famous. We can only select some of the most important and most wonderful. From choice no attempt will be made to describe two famous pieces of mechanism—Babbage's calculating machine and Maelzel's chess-player. Most readers have often seen excellent accounts of these inventions, and while the calculating machine is too complicated for description here, these chess-player deserves attention from the world only as a very ingenious humbug. It was an admirable piece of deception and that was all.

It is certain that the ancients attained some degree of perfection in the construction of machines which perfectly imitated the movements of man and the lower animals. The tripods which Homer mentions as having been constructed by Vulcan for the banquet hall of the gods, advanced of their own accord to the table and again returned to their place. Self-moving tripods are also mentioned by Aristotle. Daedalus enjoys the reputation of having constructed machines that imitated the motions of the human body. Some of his statues are said to have moved about spontaneously. Aristotle speaks of a wooden Venus, which ran about in consequence of quicksilver being poured into its interior; but another writer states, with some probability, that the statues of Daedalus received their motion from the mechanical powers.

Among the earliest pieces of modern mecha-

nism was the curious water clock presented to Charlemagne by Haroun al Raschid. In the dial plate there were twelve small windows, corresponding with the division of the hours. The hours were indicated by the opening of the windows, which let out little metallic balls, which struck the hour by falling on a brazen bell. The doors continued open till twelve o'clock, when twelve little knights, mounted on horseback, came out at the same instant, and after parading around the dial, shut all the windows, and returned to their apartments. The next automata of which any distinct account has been preserved are those of the celebrated John Muller. This philosopher is said to have constructed an artificial eagle, which flew to meet the Emperor Maximilian when he arrived at Nuremberg, on the 7th of June 1740. After soaring aloft in the air, the eagle is said to have met the emperor at some distance from the city, and to have returned and perched on the town gate, where it waited his approach. When the emperor reached the gate, the eagle stretched out its wings, and saluted him by an inclination of its body. Muller is likewise reported to have constructed an iron fly, which was put in motion by wheel-work, and which flew about and leaped upon the table. At an entertainment given by this philosopher to some of his familiar friends, the fly flew from his hand, and after performing a considerable round, it returned again to the hand of its master.

The Emperor Charles V. after his abdication of the throne, amused himself in his latter years with automata of various kinds. It was his custom after dinner to introduce upon the table figures of armed men and horses. Some of these beat drums, others played flutes, while a third set attacked each other with spears. Sometimes he let fly wooden sparrows, which winged their way back again to their nest. He also exhibited corn mills so small that they could be concealed in a glove, and yet so powerful that they could grind in a day as much corn as would supply eight men with food for a day.

The next piece of mechanism of sufficient interest to merit attention is that which was made by Mr. Camus, for the amusement of Louis XIV., when a child. It consisted of a small coach which was drawn by two horses, and which contained the figure of a lady within, with a footman and page behind. When this machine was placed at the extremity of a table of the proper size, the coachman cracked his whip, and the horses instantly started off, moving their legs in a most natural manner, and drawing the coach after them. When the coach reached the opposite edge of the table, it turned sharply at a right angle, and proceeded along the adjacent edge. As soon as it arrived opposite the place where the king sat, it stopped; the page descended and opened the door, the lady alighted and with a courtesy, presented a petition which she held in her hand to the king. After waiting some time, she again courted, re-entered the carriage, the page closed the door, and having resumed his place behind the coachman, whipped his horses and drove on. The footman (who had previously alighted) ran after the carriage, and jumped up behind into his former place.

The most beautiful and interesting automata are those by which the motions and actions of man and other animals have been successfully imitated, and some of the most remarkable machines of this class that were ever constructed were the acoustic mechanisms in which the production of musical and sweet sounds has been the object of the artist. The Swiss have always been exceptionally skillful in this department of manufacture, as in every branch of art which requires great ingenuity and most delicate workmanship. It was the celebrated Swiss merchant Le Droz who constructed for the King of Spain the figure of a sheep, which could imitate in the most perfect manner the bleating of that animal; and the same artist achieved a far greater triumph in a figure of a dog that reclined by a basket of fruit which he was supposed to be watching. As soon as any one would remove a portion of the fruit from the basket, the dog would spring up and bark, and would never cease until the fruit was replaced. Le Droz also constructed a figure, which could write and draw. It was the size of life. It held in its hand a metallic pencil, and when a spring was touched, the figure instantly began to draw upon a piece of vellum previously laid under its hand. After the drawing was executed upon the first card, the figure rested. Other five cards were then put in, in succession, and upon these it delineated in the same manner different subjects. It is said to have been curious to remark with what precision the figure lifted up its pencil in its transition from one point to another, without making the slightest mistake.

Maillardet, another inventor exhibited throughout Europe many years ago a marvellous singing bird that he had made. An oval box, two or three inches long, was placed upon the table, and instantly the lid flew open, and a beautiful little bird, with exquisite plumage, and its movements full of natural grace, sprang upward from its nest. After hopping about and fluttering its wings, it opened its bill, held up its head, and performed four different kinds of warbling with as much sweetness and volubility and power as would distinguish a genuine bird of the same size. It then darted into the box, sat upon its nest, and the lid closed over it. The power by which these remarkable effects were produced were of the simplest kind. The lid was moved by a series of minute springs, which continued their action only four minutes. As there was no room within so small a figure for the accommodation of pipes with which to produce the great variety of notes which were warbled, the artist used only one tube, and produced all different sounds by

shortening and lengthening it with a movable piston.

Maillardet also constructed an automaton which both wrote and drew. The figure of a boy kneeling on one knee held a pencil in his hand. When the figure began to work, an attendant dipped the pencil in ink, and adjusted the drawing paper upon a brass tablet. Upon touching a spring, the figure proceeded to write, and when the line was finished, the hand returned to dot and stroke the letters where necessary. In this manner it could execute four beautiful pieces in writing in French and English, and three landscapes.

One of the most popular of Maillardet's machines was a magician constructed for the purpose of answering questions. A figure dressed like a magician appeared, seated at the bottom of a wall, held a wand in one hand and a book in the other. A number of questions already prepared were inscribed in oval medallions, and the spectator took any of these he chose, and to which he wished an answer, and having placed it in a drawer ready to receive it, the drawer shut with a spring till the answer was returned. The magician then rose from his seat, bowed his head, described circles with his wand, and consulting the book, as if in deep thought, he lifted it to his face. Having thus appeared to ponder over the proposed question, he raised his wand, and striking with it the wall above his head, two folding doors flew open, and displayed an appropriate answer to the question. The doors again closed, the magician resumed his original position, and the drawer opened to return the medallion. There were twenty of these medallions, all containing different questions, to which the magician returned the most suitable and striking answers. The medallions were thin plates of brass, of an elliptical form, exactly resembling each other. Some of the medallions had a question inscribed upon each side, both of which the magician answered in succession. If the drawer was shut without the medallion being put into it, the magician rose, consulted his book, shook his head, and resumed his seat. The folding door remained shut, and the drawer was returned empty. If two medallions were put in the drawer together, an answer was returned only to the lower one. When the machinery was wound up, the movement continued about an hour, during which time about fifty questions might be answered.

The same ingenious artist also constructed various other automata, representing insects and various other animals. Once there was a spider made entirely of steel, which exhibited all the movements of the animal. It ran on the surface of a table for three minutes, and to prevent it running off, its course always tended to the centre of the table. He constructed, likewise, a caterpillar, a lizard, a mouse, and a serpent. The serpent crawled about in every direction, opened its mouth, hissed and darted out its tongue.

Mr. Vaucanson, who lived in the middle of the last century, was, however, the most brilliant and successful of all the wonder-workers. His two principal automata were the flute-player and the pipe and tabor-player. With these he astonished all Europe. When the flute-player was first exhibited in Paris, it excited suspicion. The scientific men recalled the story of Raison, the organist of Troyes, who exhibited an automaton player upon the harpsichord, which astonished the French Court with the extent of its powers. The king insisted upon examining the mechanism, and as his curiosity could not be restrained, it was discovered that a little musician, five years of age, was concealed in the machine. It was hardly singular, therefore, that a similar machine should be received with incredulity; but the doubts of the savants were soon dispelled by Mr. Vaucanson, who exhibited and explained to a committee of the Academy of Sciences the entire system of mechanism with which the effects were produced. This body of learned men was astonished at the marvellous ingenuity displayed; and the members did not hesitate to affirm that the machinery employed for producing the sounds of the flute performed, in the most exact manner, the very operations of a very expert flute-player; and that the artist had imitated the effects produced, and the means employed, by Nature, with an accuracy which was simply wonderful. At a later day, Mr. Vaucanson published a pamphlet, under the sanction of the French Academy, in which he gave a full description of the machinery employed and of the principles of its construction.

Encouraged by the success of this machine, Mr. Vaucanson exhibited other automata, which were even more admired. One of these was a duck, which was probably the most extraordinary piece of mechanism ever made. The duck exactly resembled the living animal in size and appearance. It executed, accurately, all its movements and gestures; it ate and drank with avidity, performed all the quick motions of the head and throat which are peculiar to the living animal, and, like it, muddled the water which it drank with its bill. It produced, also, the sound of quacking in the most natural manner. In the anatomical structure of the duck the artist exhibited the highest skill. Every bone in the real duck had its representative in the automaton, and its wings were anatomically exact. Every cavity and curvature was imitated, and each bone executed its proper movements. When corn was thrown down before it, the duck stretched out its neck to pick it up; it swallowed it; digested it, and discharged it in a digested condition. The process of digestion was effected by chemical solution, and not by trituration; and the food digested in the stomach was conveyed away in tubes to the place of discharge.

The automata of Vaucanson were imitated by Du Moulin, a silversmith in Germany. A writer who saw several of them after the machinery had been deranged, says that the artificial duck was still able to drink, eat and move. Its ribs, which were made of wire, were covered with duck's feathers, and the motion was communicated through the feet of the duck by means of a cylinder and fine chains, like that of an old fashioned watch. The duck of Vaucanson was probably suggested to him by an artificial peacock, constructed many years before by General Degennes, a French officer. The peacock could walk about as if alive, pick up grains of corn from the ground, digest them and then discharge them in an altered form.

Another of Vaucanson's machines was the pipe and tabor player. The figure stood on a pedestal, and was dressed like a dancing shepherd. It held in one hand a flageolet, and in the other a stick with which it beat the tambourine, as an accompaniment to the airs of the flageolet, about twenty of which it was capable of performing. The flageolet has only three holes, and the variety of its tones depends, principally, on a proper variation of the force of the wind, and on the degrees with which the orifices are covered. These variations of the force of the wind require to be given with a rapidity which the ear can scarcely follow, and the articulation of the tongue was required for the quickest notes, otherwise the effect was far from agreeable. As the human tongue is not capable of giving the required articulations to a rapid succession of notes, and generally slurs over one half of them, the automaton was thus able to excel the best of performers, as it played complete airs with articulation of the tongue at every note. In constructing this machine, Mr. Vaucanson observed that the flageolet must be a most fatiguing instrument for the human lungs, as the muscles of the chest must make an effort equal to fifty-six pounds in order to produce the highest notes. A single ounce was sufficient for the lowest notes; so that we may, from this circumstance, form an idea of the variety of intermediate effects required to be produced.

While Vaucanson was engaged in the construction of these wonderful machines, his mind was filled with the strange idea of constructing an automaton containing the whole mechanism of the circulation of the blood. From some birds which he had made, he was satisfied of its practicability; but as the whole vascular system required to be India-rubber, which was then a rare article, it was supposed that the design could be executed only in the country where the caoutchouc tree was indigenous.

Louis XIV. took a deep interest in the execution of the machine. It was agreed that a skillful anatomist should proceed to Guiana to superintend the construction of the blood-vessels, and the king had not only approved of, but given orders for the voyage. Difficulties, however, were thrown in the way, Vaucanson became disgusted, and the scheme was abandoned.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century, a bold and almost successful attempt was made to construct a talking automaton. Mr. Kempeler, of Vienna, the artist, succeeded in making a machine which pronounced the vowel sounds, some of the consonants, and such words as "papa" and "mamma." Subsequently, he introduced improvements which enabled the machines to produce other words, such as "opera," "astronomy," "Constantinople," "Romanorum imperator," etc., etc. The machine was simply an oval box, with a mouth consisting of a funnel shaped piece of India-rubber. To the mouth-piece was added a nose, made of two tin tubes, which communicated with the mouth. But Kempeler never fitted up a speaking figure, and probably from being dissatisfied with the general result of his labors, he exhibited only to his personal friends the effect of the apparatus.

The readers of To-Day are probably aware that a man named Faber has succeeded, recently in constructing an apparatus which has an image or a human head attached to it, through which a conversation can be carried on. This machine has been exhibited in various portions of the country, and is still travelling about. By means of piano-forte keys the operator is able to compel the lips to utter almost any conceivable verbal sound, and to speak in any language. The machinery by which these marvellous effects are produced has been described in the daily papers, but it is far too intricate for explanation here. It may fairly be regarded as the most wonderful automaton ever constructed.—To-Day.

ONE of the youngest officers of the Lava Beds received a letter from his "bright particular," which contained the following touching passage: "And if anything should happen to you, do make some arrangements to have your hair recovered and sent on. It has the exact color of mine, and I can't get a pair of curls of the right shade anywhere."

A MIDDLE-AGED lady met a bridish-looking lady in the post office one day, and the following conversation followed:

"Mary, is it true that your mother is dead?" asked the former.

"It is," said Mary.

"And were you married before she died?"

"No," said Mary, "not until three days after." The middle-aged woman stared at the bride for a moment, and then slowly and bewilderingly said—

"Do you mean to say that your poor mother died without—without seeing what you were married in?"



## Travel and Adventure, National Customs, Etc.

### CHINESE FESTIVALS.

The Chinese, having no hebdomadal day of rest like more highly civilized nations, pay considerable attention to holidays and festivals; for though they are so plodding and industrious in their habits, they naturally feel that the mind and body cannot endure the strain of continuous toil, but must have relaxation in some way or other. After a few prefatory remarks on their division of time, we propose to give a brief sketch of the more important of their annually-recurring festive celebrations.

The Chinese year consists of twelve months (or moons, as they are usually styled) of twenty-nine or thirty days each, but of every nineteen years seven have an extra or intercalary moon, as otherwise their calendar would get seriously out of order. Their months or moons are numbered, and have no names in daily use, though they are sometimes known by what may be called poetical names. The year is also divided into twenty-four periods or terms of about fifteen days each, some of which are known as chieh (joints), and others as chi (breaths). Each "term" has a special name of its own, one or two of which sound oddly to us, but most of them are natural enough; for example, January 21st is called Ta han (great cold); again, towards the end of March, comes Chun fen (spring divider, that is, the vernal equinox), &c. Some of these "terms" are made the occasion of holidays or festivals—such as, Li chun, or commencement of spring, Tung chih, or winter solstice, &c.

The Chinese have an elaborate almanack, published under the seal of the Astronomical Board at Peking, which regulates their festivals, and which may fairly claim to compete with the productions of Zadkiel and Old Moore; it certainly goes much more minutely into the details of every day life than they do. On this subject Sir John Davis remarks: "The Chinese almanack, like many others of the kind in Europe, contains predictions and advice for every day in the year, and presents the same spectacle of the abuse of a little mystical learning to impose on the ignorant majority of mankind. It even gives directions as to the most lucky days for going out or for staying at home, for shaving the head after the Tartar fashion, changing an abode, executing an agreement, or burying the dead. With these are mixed, in the same page, a number of useful observations concerning natural phenomena pertaining to the season, though these remarks are interlarded with a number of vulgar errors as to the transformation of animals."

First and foremost among Chinese festivals and holidays is that of the new year, which happens sometimes at the end of January and sometimes in February. At this season, for two, three, or more days the shops are all shut, and work of every description is at a complete stand-still: at Peking the holiday-making is carried to such an extent that people are obliged to take the precaution of laying in a stock of provisions sufficient for a week or ten days. Crowds of people may be seen worshipping in the temples early in the morning, and during the day they are mainly occupied in visiting and congratulating one another: the Chinese call this pai nien, and tao hsi—much the same being meant as by our phrase, "A happy new year to you." The public offices are all closed, and it is of no use to attempt to prosecute thieves, &c., for petty offences, for the magistrates will take cognisance of none but extreme and serious cases. Gambling, at which the Chinese are great adepts, though it is theoretically prohibited by law, is now indulged in with great zest and publicity, and not the slightest attempt is made by the authorities to put a stop to it. The new year's festivities may be briefly summed up as comprehending sacrifices to heaven and earth; the worship of the gods of the family and of deceased ancestors; prostrations before parents; calls and congratulations, and the sending of cards and complimentary messages.

On the fifteenth day of the first moon occurs the Feast of Lanterns, called by the Chinese Hua teng and also Shai teng, which may be translated "a striving to excel in an exhibition of lanterns." A good deal of excitement is caused for some days beforehand by the crowds of people thronging the streets, especially at night, for the purpose of purchasing or staring at the lanterns, of which a goodly assortment is always on view. These lanterns are of all shapes and sizes, some being made to imitate animals; the commoner kinds are of paper, while the better and more expensive sorts are covered with gauze or fine silk, on which various fanciful objects are painted. At the Feast of Lanterns of 1862, just after the last war, ludicrous caricatures of French and English soldiers, sailors, and civilians, steamers, horses, &c., were much in vogue on the lanterns at Peking, in the neighborhood of which Europeans in foreign garb had never before been seen. Fireworks, especially crackers, help to enliven the festive proceedings at night. In many parts of the empire married women on this day go to a temple and worship the goddess "Mother," burning incense to her, and having crackers let off in her honor, in the hope that she will grant them male offspring.

The second day of the second moon is the birthday of the Lores; plays are then performed

at the public offices, and crackers and rockets are constantly being let off.

The Festival of the Tombs (Ching ming chieh), which commonly falls early in the third moon (April), a hundred and six days after the winter solstice, is observed all over the empire, and its date is mentioned in the imperial calendar. At this time all devout people visit the graves of their parents to Chi-sao, that is, to offer sacrifices of various kinds, and to put them in order. At the conclusion of the ceremonies they fix a piece of paper in the top of the hillock to show that all has been duly performed.

The eighth day of the fourth moon is celebrated as the birthday of Buddha. Many people go and gather a fragrant herb, called yuan hsi, which is used as a charm against all sorts of disease.

The Festival of Dragon-boats takes place on the fifth day of the fifth moon (usually early in June). At this time races are run in long narrow boats, some forty or fifty feet in length, which are called lung chuan or dragon-boats, gongs being beaten all the time by a man standing up in the boat. The origin of this festival is said by some to be as follows: Many centuries ago, during the Chou dynasty (that is about B. C. 400), a minister proposed certain reforms, which his sovereign refused to listen to; he persisted in urging his good advice, and at last got dismissed from his post. Knowing that his country was on the high road to ruin, and being unable to face this, he committed suicide by throwing himself into a river. His fellow-countrymen, with whom he was a favorite, as soon as they heard what happened, scoured the river in all directions in small boats, well-manned, in the hope of finding his body. Tradition said that he had died on the fifth day of the fifth moon, the day on which this festival has accordingly always been held.

The autumnal festival is celebrated in the eighth month, and the moon takes a leading part in it. From the first to the fifteenth people make cakes like the moon, painting figures on them; these are called yueh ping, that is, moon cakes. Visits are interchanged between friends, and presents of these cakes are made. At the full moon, on the fifteenth, homage is paid to the ancestral tablets, and the family gods are worshipped; certain religious ceremonies are also performed to the moon. Tradesmen's bills are presented at this time, and if a man wishes to preserve his credit, he pays at least a portion of the amounts due.

The ninth day of the ninth moon is called Chung yang chieh, or Teng kao (that is, ascending high.) At this season some go to the hills to drink and amuse themselves; others fly kites of extraordinary shapes, and gaudily painted; some representing Chinese goggle spectacles, others huge butterflies, others, again, fish, and indeed an infinite variety of objects. We have been told that it is customary for the holiday-makers eventually to let the kites go whither the wind listeth, as a sign that they treat all their cares in like manner.

In the eleventh month (December), the shortest day of the year is made the occasion of a great festival. All officials are then expected to go to the imperial hall (Wan shou ching) in the provincial capital and make their prostrations to the solstice. They also perform the three kneelings and nine knockings of the head on the ground (ko-tou) before the emperor's tablet, which is placed at the back of the temple, and congratulate him on the arrival of the winter solstice; at Peking the high officials do the same before the emperor himself, or before a yellow screen, which is supposed to represent him. On this day the emperor usually performs certain sacrificial rites in the Altar of Heaven. Entertainments are given by the officials in honor of the day, and the populace also chiefly observe the holiday by feasting.

After the middle of the twelfth moon various preparations for holiday-making commence, and on the twentieth an event occurs which is a very important one in all the public offices, namely, feng yin, or the shutting up of the seal of office for a whole month, which is equivalent to a holiday for the same period. To make this quite intelligible to an English reader, we must remark that all public documents in China, including despatches, proclamations, warrants, &c., bear, not the signature of the official issuing them, but the impression of his seal of office in vermilion. As very important business, however, must be attended to, even during a holiday season, it is customary to stamp a certain number of blank sheets of paper before the seal is shut up, so that despatches, &c., can be written in due form, should cases of emergency arise. One of the chief clerks takes the seal and places it in his box, which is then locked up, and two strips of paper, stamped with the seal and bearing the date and name of the office, are next pasted over the box crosswise, thus, as it were, sealing it up. These fastenings are removed and the seal taken out on the twentieth day of the first moon of the new year, when the ordinary business routine of the office is resumed.

On the evening of the twenty-fourth of the last moon every family worships Tiao Shen, the god of the oven or kitchen fire, thanking him for his past kindness and care. On the evening of the thirtieth all let off crackers, and so see the old year out. Sacrifices and wine are offered to the deities, and all then partake of a meal; this is called tuan nien, that is, rounding off the year. Many sit up all night and shou sui, that is, watch for the year; and the Chinese have an old saw, that "he who can watch for the year will obtain long life."

One more festival remains to be noticed, which is held in great honor among the Chinese,

and shows how highly they esteem agriculture; but as it sometimes happens at the end of their year, and sometimes at the beginning, we have thought it better to speak of it last. This holiday or festival occurs at the Li Chun term or period, when the sun is in fifteen degrees of Aquarius (February 5th), and continues for ten days, to each of which a different name is applied, namely, fowl, dog, pig, sheep, cow, horse, man, grain, hemp, and pea; the seventh, or man-day, is the greatest. A large image of a buffalo, called the Chun niu, or spring buffalo, is made of clay at the public expense, and on the day before the chief one of the festival, the prefect goes out of the east gate of the city with much ceremony to "meet spring," which is represented by this figure, and also the image of a man in clay, called Tai sui, in allusion to the year of the cycle. He then makes certain offerings, prostrating himself before them. In the procession are numbers of children (called Chun se), who are decked out with great care by the people and placed on tables, which are carried about the streets on men's shoulders. On the next day the same official appears as the priest of spring, and in that capacity he holds the highest rank for the time being, those who are really his superiors in office being then supposed to make way for him, if they chance to encounter him in his progress. Having delivered an address, eulogising agricultural pursuits, he strikes the clay figures with a whip two or three times, and they are then pelted with stones by the populace and broken in pieces, which is thought to be an omen of a good harvest. A writer on China has remarked that "this ceremony bears some resemblance to the procession of the bull Apis in ancient Egypt, which was connected in like manner with the labors of agriculture and the hopes of an abundant season."—*All the Year Round*.

### RAMBLES NEAR ALGIERS.

Mustapha Supérieur, which is the Franco-Algerian name given to the verdant heights overlooking the bay of Algiers, just outside the eastern gate of the town, was evidently in former days the summer abode of wealthy Turks and Moors. There, facing the sea, on the slope of the hills, stood their picturesque white residences, resembling miniature palaces, peeping out from masses of green foliage; not surrounded by parks of fine old elms and oaks, like our English country mansions, but lying half buried in groves of orange and lemon trees, aloes, bananas, and cypress. Thither the pirates repaired towards the close of the day, while the sea was still red with the rays of the setting sun, to enjoy the society of their wives, to smoke their chibouks and sip their coffee, and to dream of the speedy return of their galleys loaded with plunder and Christian slaves. There stand the villas at the present day as they did years ago, when the consecrated banner floated from the top of the Kasbah, though very few of them are now inhabited by Mussulmen. Many have fallen into the hands of the ill-used, insulted, reviled, persecuted, but always thriving Jew, who under the Turkish dominion would not have dared to give himself the luxury of a country residence; while others, where walls have been substituted for the prickly cactus-hedges, are now the property of Europeans, and have been adapted to modern ideas of comfort. A splendid view may be obtained from the summit of Mustapha, standing among these delightfully pretty dwellings, which lie on the slope of the hill in the midst of large gardens, enclosed by thick foliage and cactus-hedges covered with a profusion of yellow blossoms—secluded places of abode, admirably suited to those lovers who, under the fascination of Cupid's dart, dream of passing their lives in a paradise of their own,—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Everywhere you inhale a perfume of orange-blossoms mingled with roses and jasmine. It seems, indeed, as if these charming retreats had once comprised everything calculated to make a woman loving and happy—except liberty—and must have been constructed almost solely with a view of rendering the captivity of the lovely creatures by whom they were inhabited as agreeable as possible. They must, indeed, have been delicious prisons to those who from their earliest childhood had never known what freedom was. Apartments with walls and floors of the purest white marble, soft down cushions and Persian carpets to recline upon, marble baths with fountains at the corners to sport about in, and negresses to assist at the toilet with the softest and whitest of linen. Shady gardens, laid out with pretty arbors covered with vines and jasmine, and shady walks bordered with roses and scarlet passion-flowers, to promenade in in the daytime; terraces on which to sit listening to the song of the nightingale of an evening, and musical instruments to while away the hours while awaiting the master's return. Before you, you see in the background the blue waters of the Mediterranean, dotted towards land with small sailing-craft, with their white triangular sails flashing in the sun as they rise and sink upon the waves; while in the distance, near the horizon, large vessels and steamers are passing to and fro. On the left, Algiers towers up towards the sky, resembling a mass of square, white, windowless buildings, built one upon another until they reach the summit of the Sahel hills, whence the Kasbah overlooks the town, showing plainly enough that, like the Bastille, the Tower of London, and most other citadels, it was erected more with a

view of keeping the inhabitants in subjection than to afford them any protection against their enemies. At the base of the hill are the port and the railway-station, easily distinguished even at this distance by the little forest of masts and the clouds of white smoke bursting from the funnels of the locomotives. Here commences the line of the bay, extending eastward as far as Cape Matifou, but broken at irregular distances by the bathing establishments, the market-gardens, the clusters of white houses, the rivers Harrach and El-Khrenis, which run through a verdant plateau sloping down to the sea-shore, and the little village of Fort-de-l'Eau, standing in the low ground close to where three Spanish fleets were knocked to pieces by the winds and waves, and where the flower of three armies was either slain by the Mohammedan scimitar or carried off to slavery. —*Saint James's Magazine*.

### JAPANESE FANS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

Many of these fan-pictures are illustrations of national classics, fairy tales and historic legends. On this neutral-tinted reverse, for instance, a curved line dashed across the disk is a slack-rope; on it is a nondescript dancing, and below a half-kneeling figure represents the juggler or showman. He is gesticulating wildly with his fan, his mouth is wide open with well-simulated astonishment at the antics of the creature on the slack-rope. This performer is like a badger; yet it resembles a tea-kettle. Its body is the kettle; one cunningly curved paw is the spout; another, which swings the inevitable umbrella, is the handle; and the tail and hind-legs form the tripod on which the kettle sits. The story of The Accomplished Tea-kettle is very old, and numberless versions of it form a staple dramatic, poetic or artistic diversion of the Japanese. Briefly, it is related that a company of priests, who dwelt by themselves in a temple, were affrighted by their tea-kettle suddenly becoming covered with fur and walking about the room. It bothered them very much by its pranks, being part of the time a useful and sober culinary utensil and partly a mischievous badger. Catching it and shutting it up in a box, they sold it to a traveling tinker for a trifle, thinking themselves well rid of it. But the tinker, though sorely affrighted when he found what a bargain he had gotten, shrewdly put his bewitched tea-kettle to good account. He traveled far and wide exhibiting his wonderful beast, which diligently performed on the slack-rope. Princes and nobles came in throngs to see his show; and so he made himself very rich by his unique entertainment. The lucky tinker and his accomplished tea-kettle furnish forth adventures for the Japanese play-goer as numerous and various as those of our own Humpty Dumpty, dear to the heart of every English-speaking child. On the reverse of another fan you discover an illustration of fairy lore. A hare and a badger, grotesquely dressed in watermen's garb, are each paddling about in boats on a small sheet of water. They glare at each other defiantly, but the hare, notwithstanding he keeps his simple expression, seems to have the advantage of the other. The hare and the badger, in the story of The Crackling Mountain, were old foes, and had many a tussle, in which the hare usually got the better of his adversary. Finally the hare, having built a wooden boat, set off on a voyage to the capital of the moon, inviting his enemy to accompany him. The wary badger refused, but building a boat of clay, he followed the hare. The waves washed the clay so that it began to dissolve; then the hare, paddling his craft full upon the luckless badger, crushed his sinking boat, and the wicked animal perished miserably in the waters. In these fanciful pictorial conceits the Japanese greatly excel. Hokusai, a Japanese artist, says an intelligent writer on Asiatic art, has modestly protested that it is more easy to draw things one has never seen than to represent objects with which everybody is familiar. But these fantastic creations of the imagination are all so carefully and characteristically limned that they deceive by their realism. You think that these odd creatures must have been studied from life. You pay an unconscious tribute to the artist's wise interpretation of nature; for his fundamental idea is natural. —*Scribner's for September*.

### CREAKING CART OF THE AZORES.

There are several villages in Flores, and agriculture is prosecuted with much industry, although women labor in the fields, and the implements are of a patriarchal character. Donkeys and horses are scarce, and the means of transportation are the human head and small carts drawn by diminutive cattle; the wheels are solid, turning on an axle of chestnut-wood, selected especially on account of the infernal squeak it gives out. The peasants find this a congenial music on the lonely roads; it can be heard a great distance, and is so modulated as to produce alternately a squeak and a groan! The cattle become accustomed to work to this doleful accompaniment, and the drivers maintain that it is essential to their own happiness; each cart-owner is, in fact, boastful of the peculiar tune creaked by his own vehicle.



# The Ladies' Page.

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

### FALL BONNETS.

Fall bonnets, as foreshadowed by imported French models, will show a comfortable improvement on those now worn, inasmuch as they will cover more of the head. The new shapes have low but capacious crowns that fit smoothly over the high coiffure of soft puffs now worn in Paris, clasp the head snugly on the sides, and have broad coronets with a full face, trimming beneath. To be well worn they must be neither too far forward, nor, in the other extreme now fashionable, too far backward, but on the top of the head, the place where the bonnet ought to be. The material, usually velvet, is placed smoothly on the frame, and the latest importations even omit the tiny piping folds used for borders. The face trimming under the coronet or inside "scoop" fronts is the conspicuous feature of bonnets, and is also seen under the brims of round hats. The novelty for this face trimming is a band of closely curled ostrich feathers; and as this is introduced by a leading Parisian milliner, it will doubtless be successful. The coronet is plain and high, and stands out from the bonnet instead of resting against the crown. The intermediate space is not, however, left bare, but is filled by a scarf of soft silk, either repped or twilled, twisted around the crown in easy, careless fashion, and a Shah ornament of some kind, either the Shah aigrette of feathers, or a cut steel ornament, or else a rosette of clustered loops of ribbon. Flowers, especially roses, are in order any where on the bonnet, either as a wreath for face trimming, or clustered in front of the crown on the left side as a base for plumes, or else low behind as they are now worn. Two demi-long plumes of shaded ostrich feathers curl over the back of the bonnet. Streamers behind that bend down high ruffs are seldom seen, and thus the bonnet is left compact, and is, besides, picturesque, pretty, and will be generally becoming.

### TRIMMINGS.

Bias strips of soft flexible silks are used for trimming velvet bonnets and the fine chips and straws that are shown in black and various dark colors. Gros d'Orleans and gros de Suez, finely repped silks, are more choice selections than the turquoise now used by milliners. Newest of all is the gros d'Orient, twilled like serge, mentioned in a previous paper. These bias silk bands are finished with a French hem on each edge, and are used as scarfs around the crown and as long loops placed erect on the sides. Gros grain ribbons three inches wide are chosen for strings and for rosettes. Double-faced ribbons are largely imported; these are black on one side and a color on the other, or else each side shows different shades of one color, or perhaps the sides contrast, as in the Pompadour colors, having one side pink and the other blue. Very eccentric combinations of colors are found on French bonnets, yet French taste succeeds in making these oddities very pleasing.

### FLOWERS.

Of flowers we have already spoken. The quaint Persian greens—olives formerly, but renamed in honor of the Shah—prevail among flowers. There are wreaths of roses with natural red centres and half their outer petals green, vines of green buds, new satin leaves, beautifully shaded, tricolor clusters of rose-buds, many dark bronze brown roses, and indeed, roses of every hue, both natural and unnatural. There are also many bacchanalian wreaths of grapes, with leaves and tendrils, and strewn among the leaves are the inevitable roses. There are mammoth roses of muslin petals, fresh and natural-looking, while among them is a single velvet petal, black, as if blighted by frost, or else brown and flecked with yellow. The grosaille roses of warm, bright crimson are the favorite choice with Parisian milliners, who place them upon bonnets of deepest blue, black, or myrtle green velvet.

### SHADED FEATHERS, ETC.

Shaded ostrich feathers are the most perfect garniture of the winter bonnets. Four or five shades of one color or of two appear in these plumes, and they are curled and twisted most fancifully. Two demi-long plumes, or perhaps three, are preferred for bonnets, while a single long plume sweeps over round hats. Soft willow plumes are again offered, but they are very frail. The high Shah aigrette is shown in white marabout tufts, with heron feathers and a mother-of-pearl ornament. Slender wings of tropical birds are imported for round hats, but the first choice is for a cluster of two or three long cocks' plumes of bronzed green. Aigrettes of game feathers are also shown, and other large round feather tufts, as conspicuous as that on a drum-major's shako. The finest novelties are the exquisitely curled ostrich bands for face trimming or for the brims of round hats, and the long soft plumes of camel's-hair fleece, made either in very dark or very delicate tints. In buying ostrich plumes remember that the real feather has a single quill down the centre: in very fanciful long plumes it is sometimes necessary to add other pieces, but the foundation should have the long quill.

### STEEL, JET, AND PEARL.

The cut steel or diamond-steel ornaments are very handsome, and also expensive, a single ornament sometimes costing \$6 at the wholesale

houses. The steel aigrette for the front will perhaps be the most fashionable ornament of bonnets for young ladies. A very slight beading of cut steel is in excellent taste around the brim of black and other dark velvet hats. The new jet ornaments are exquisitely fine. They are made of tiniest beads sewed on black net in patterns of leaf and flower, or blocks, or Greek squares. There are jet coronets, either very massive-looking or else as light as lace, jet plumes, wings, aigrettes, bands of jet passementerie all beads like embroidery, and beautiful diadems with drooping fringes. Simple hoops, merely large rings of jet or of cut steel, are used amidst loops of silk or ribbon. Slides of jet and steel mingled are shown in square and oval shapes, and there are horseshoes of jet with cut steel nail heads in them. The handsomest buckles and slides are of brown smoked pearl, very large and oval. These are especially admired when associated with black velvet.

### NEW COLORS.

Perruche, or parrot-color, a delicate blending of pale yellow with green, is imported in trimming silks, to be used as facings for black and dark green velvets. Seal-skin red, precisely the color of the dark fur-seal, is a rich hue found in velvet bonnets. Slate and granite are the names given to dark blue-gray shades that will be stylishly worn this winter.

### DRESS GOODS.

#### TUFTED CAMEL'S-HAIR, ETC.

A novelty for winter polonaises is called tufted camel's-hair. This has the soft twilled camel's-hair surface, with small clusters of raised loops set about on it in diamond shape half an inch apart. It is already displayed on counters of retail stores, and meets with great favor. It is found in dark brown and gray shades, is double width, and costs \$4.75 a yard. Plain camel's hair of heavier quality than that worn last year, and showing quantities of the loose fleece, costs from \$3.50 to \$4.75 a yard; this is nearly a yard and a half wide. Camel's-hair serge is merely an imitation of the real fabric, but it is a soft, warm, all-wool material of serviceable iron gray shades, excellent for making polonaises and redingotes that must endure hard usage. It comes in double fold, is a yard and a quarter wide, and costs \$2.50. Another fabric of similar quality and very good style is a single-width camel's hair serge showing the heavy, broad diagonal lines that form a feature in fall goods. It may be had in all the dark fashionable shades of blue, gray, brown, and drab. It is three-fourths of a yard wide, and costs \$1.10.

#### CAMEL'S-HAIR CASHMERE.

A new product of the loom called camel's-hair cashmere bears away the palm for softness and fineness, and will probably be the choice of the season for over dresses. This is almost as closely twilled as French cashmere, but has the rough lustreless surface of camel's-hair, with its many loosely woven fleecy-ends, and its unctuousness so pleasant to the touch. It represents all the stylish tints of slate-color, dark-blue, olive, brown, tea, gray, and myrtle green; it is double fold, and costs \$3.25 a yard. An imitation of this fabric is sold for \$1.75. Jacquard striped cashmeres showing reversed diagonal lines that form narrow stripes cost \$2 a yard. Single-width French cashmeres of admirable quality are 85 cents a yard; these are preferred to double-width goods when bought for a whole suit. Double-width cashmeres sold for over dresses cost from \$1.25 to \$2.25 a yard; four or five yards are required for a polonaise. Myrtle green cashmere, so dark that the color is almost invisible, finds favor, even at this early day, for polonaises to be worn throughout the fall and winter. Dark blue cashmere is also being sold for this purpose, and merchants anticipate that these colors will rival the iron gray and marron brown over dresses that are now so popular.

#### SERGE DE BEGE.

The light sleazy fabric called de beige found such favor for summer traveling suits that manufacturers have made a similar soft material heavy enough for winter use, and, having woven it in stylish "diagonals," have renamed it serge de beige. It is pure wool, not of the finest quality, but in its undressed state, and natural brown and gray shades; it is three-fourths of a yard wide, and costs 75 cents a yard.

#### ENGLISH DIAGONALS.

Among other standard fabrics are the English serges woven in stylish broad diagonals. These are firm heavy, and serviceable, and though harsh to the touch, are of pure wool. They are three-fourths of a yard wide, and cost 75 cents a yard in all the dark cloth colors. French serge of similar twill, but softer, is 90 cents. Various lower-priced goods, costing from 40 cents upward, are shown under the general and popular name of "English diagonals." These are usually mixtures of wool and cotton, and though some of them appear well in the piece, they shrink after being dampened, and do not wear well. The best qualities are sold for 60 cents a yard, and, it is said, will take the place of satines, cheap empress cloths, and other goods of the same value. Glossy satines are shown again, but they do not wear satisfactorily, as their lustre is scarcely surface deep, and soon disappears, leaving a thin sleazy fabric: price 50 cents and upward. Empress cloths of admirable quality and stylish colors are 75 cents a yard; coarser empress cloths are 50 cents.—*Harper's Bazar.*

### FOOT-COVERINGS.

The mistaken notion that only a small foot can lay claim to beauty, even though its smallness come by compression and not by nature, is slowly but surely giving way; and the shoemakers will hasten to avail themselves of the change.

Last summer an attempt (it failed, we are sorry to say) was made to introduce broad soles and square, English toes. Standing in the shop-windows, their effect was not so pretty as the effect of the dainty narrow-tipped, pointed-heeled French gaiters. Therefore they were scouted as ungainly by the happy mortals whose feet, despite a long siege of French boots, were still tolerably sound. This year, however, some relief is looked for, and the only permanent relief will come, not with plasters and lotions, but with wide, sensible soles, and low, broad heels. The way has already been opened by the introduction, this season, of these desirable alterations into the low shoes called indifferently "Croquet slippers," "Oxford ties," "Newport ties," and a variety of other names. These are to be followed in the Autumn by buttoned walking-boots of kid and goat-skin, having square toes with rounded corners, broad soles,—the widening from toe to joint being scarcely perceptible—and low heels, not more than half the height of the absurd French ones. But it must not be supposed that, in thus obtaining comfort, good looks are abandoned. Anybody who has worn these ease-giving shoes knows that they are vastly more becoming than the strictly Parisian gaiter. The breadth of sole, permitting a corresponding narrowness of the upper-leather, so sustains the foot that, even in an old boot, it is not inclined to spread, as it must where the upper is wide, and the sole slender. A well-shaped foot, though it be large, is beautiful; and a misshapen foot, though as small as Cinderella's is ugly. No foot can remain beautiful where the toes are unnaturally cramped, or when the entire weight of the body is thrown on the toes by exaggerated heels.

Beyond this important change in form, there will be but little difference in the new Fall boots. Buttoned gaiters are such decided favorites that it is unlikely they will be displaced before another spring, though balmoral boots, lacing on top, and kid gaiters, lacing on the inside, will be somewhat worn by those who prefer novelty to grace.—"Home and Society," *Scribner's for September.*

### THE SEPARATION OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

We sometimes hear it said that the American people are different from Europeans; that they are a home-loving race; whereas the Europeans, especially the French, have no homes, have no word for "home" in their language, and are forever gadding about: whereas the Americans do not care for pleasures that are only to be had in public; hence, for them, no need of squares, "plazas," "places," public gardens, parks, etc., etc. We will not discuss here the question whether the French are as domestic a people as the English are. In the strict sense of that word they probably are not, for their climate does not make it necessary that they should hug the hearth as their island neighbors do; but that the love of the family is as much developed in France as it is anywhere in the world—that, in fact, to speak the truth and fear not, it is rather stronger in France than it is anywhere else in the world—we do most powerfully and potentially believe, and stand ready to give good reasons for so believing. Yet it is certainly true that they spend little of their leisure time in-doors, and the middle term that reconciles the two statements is, that when they go abroad, the family, as a rule, goes all together. Now we see no reason for doubting that Americans, if the proper means were provided, would come in time to take as much open-air exercise as the French, and that they would enjoy as much as the French enjoy taking the air—father and mother and children, all together. We think it in the highest degree desirable that this should be. One of the most prolific sources of misery and crime, in this civilized world of ours, is found in the separation of the interests of parents and children. In this respect we have much to learn from the French and Germans, and much to unlearn from the English. Our immediate subject has to do with only one form that this separation takes, but, it ought to be seriously reflected on, how many are its forms. In England it begins in the nursery, and it is far from uncommon for it to begin as early with us. Then there comes the Sunday-school, an institution with which there would be no fault to find if it were not to be suspected that it is coming to take the place of home instruction in religion—a lamentable thing, if we only knew it. That children should go away from home to be taught their secular studies has become so universal, and is a custom so old-established, that there is no use in asking whether it be wise or no; but here in America it is only one in the long list of separations between parents and their children. Perhaps it is more conspicuous in our amusements than it is in the serious work of every day; but a foreigner accustomed to seeing mothers sharing with nurses the supervision of their children in the parks and gardens; fathers, mothers, children, and nurses, all together at the fairs, and abroad on fête-days, and all the family, even (as in the case of workingpeople) to the baby, enjoying the theatre together—how must the foreigner in

question be puzzled when he observes the marked separation that exists among us between the elder people and the younger in their amusements!—From "Central Park," in *Scribner's for September.*

### WATERPROOFS.

A writer in an English paper says: By the way, speaking of waterproofs, I think I can give travellers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn india-rubber waterproofs, but I will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain, and, moreover, I have learned to make it so; and, for the benefit of your readers, I will give the recipe:

In a bucket of soft water, put half a pound of sugar of lead, and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals, until it becomes clear, then pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in for twenty-four hours and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party—a lady and gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storms of wind and rain, without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, they were really waterproof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain, and wind such as you rarely see in the south, and, when he slipped off his overcoat, his underwear was as dry as when he put them on. This is, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is, in every way, better than what we know as waterproofs.

FERN-PRESSING.—The girls should not forget that this is the time to gather and press green ferns. They are so pretty and refreshing to have in the house in cold weather, so easily obtained, and so little trouble to prepare, that it is a pity any one should be without a few bunches when the flower season has passed. There are many modes of preserving them; but the one that seems most successful is to pick the ferns when they are young and tender; lay them between newspapers, or in large, flat books, and place them under very heavy weights, until the sap has entirely dried. Persons who gather them in August often leave them in press till Thanksgiving or Christmas, asserting that this long subjection to the weights keeps the color better than any other method. The safest way to secure perfect ferns is to take a book to the woods, and lay each one between the leaves as soon as broken from the stem. Even in a few minutes, ferns will curl at their tips, and after an hour or two, it is almost impossible to lay them flat. The process is very good for bright leaves, and makes them look less artificial than when they are varnished. Bunches of Autumn leaves are very beautiful evening decorations, if a lighted candle be set behind them. This brings out their brilliant tints, and gives them the appearance of having been freshly gathered.

THE customs and manners of Pacific society are graphically illustrated by a local item in a recent copy of the *Vallejo Independent*: When the New York and New Orleans circus was in town, a young gentleman called at the residence of his adorable in the evening and requested the pleasure of escorting her to the performance. Another young gentleman, however, had arrived before him and obtained the young lady's consent to accompany her to the circus, and when No. 2 arrived he was apprised of the state of affairs and informed that he had come too late. He went off in a towering rage, swearing vehemently, and, it is said, defaming the young lady's character. The young lady was informed of his conduct, but she took no notice of it at the time, and enjoyed the evening at the circus as if nothing had occurred. Next morning, however, she determined to inquire into the matter, and was reliably informed concerning the abusive talk the young man had indulged in concerning her character. Calling around at his place of business she saw the young man in person and questioned him about the matter; but he feigned total ignorance. He was brought to his senses quite suddenly when the young lady drew from her pocket a six-shooter, which she cocked and pointed at his face. A man feels peculiar when looking down the barrel of a revolver which is momentarily expected to be discharged; at least this man did. He remembered everything he had said and made a full and ample apology for the same. The apology was accepted, but he was warned against ever doing the same thing again.

A YOUNG married friend tells a good joke on himself perpetrated by a little three-year old "pride of the family." She is the only pledge of love that has twined itself around the heart and affections of himself and wife. A few evenings since a minister visited the family and remained until after tea. At the table the reverend visitor asked the blessing, and the little one opened her eyes to the fullest extent in startled wonderment. She could not understand what had been done, and it was with great persuasion that her mother could keep her quiet during the time they were at the table. When they left it she walked up to the minister, for whom she had formed a great friendship, and said: "What did you say at the table before we commenced eating?" "My little darling, I thanked God for his goodness in giving us to eat, so that we might grow and be strong." "Papa don't say that." "What does your papa say?" "Papa says, 'Godlemighty, what a supper!'"



## LOVETIDE.

Chiseled cups of fairest flowers  
Through the fields are blossoming;  
Summer splendor bathes the hours  
In a rosy coloring.  
Days are sweet when love is turning  
Things of earth to brightest gold;  
Days are sweet when souls are yearning  
Heart to heart to fold and hold.

Where the stream goes leaping by,  
Lisp'ing ripples kiss each shore;  
Hark, the willows softly sigh  
To the waters they hang o'er.  
Youth and maiden half forgot—  
Scarcely heed the world without;  
Hands by tender hands are met;  
Lips are pressed by lips devout.

O, the paradise of pleasure,  
Whither souls ascend in love!  
Mingling rapture without measure,  
As they soar to heaven above.  
Stay, sweet moments; life is fleet  
Than the streamlet rushing by;  
Stay, sweet moments; love is sweeter  
Than all earthborn ecstasy.

*Tinsley's Magazine.*

## FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

## THE TWELFTH LANCERS.

It may surprise some of our readers to be informed that there were no regiments of lancers in the English service before 1816. Napoleon had first introduced that Polish form of cavalry into the French army, and these flying spearmen in the quaint caps, lightly accoutred and quick to advance or retreat, were found very useful in harassing infantry and destroying them when broken and in retreat. Our heavy cavalry suffered from them severely at Waterloo, and one of the first modifications introduced by our War Office after the peace, was the change of several regiments of light dragoons to lancers.

The conspiracies, and eventually the rising of the Pretender's faction, on the accession of George the First, in 1715, led to the immediate augmentation of the army. It was at this time that Brigadier-General Phineas Bowles, a zealous partisan of the House of Hanover, who had distinguished himself in the Spanish war of succession, was commissioned to raise six troops of cavalry in the counties of Berks, Bucks, and Hants, and the first duty of these troops was to escort to London a number of Jacobite prisoners who had mounted the white cockade with more rashness than discretion. In 1718, the new regiment embarked for Ireland, and remained there seventy-five years.

In 1750, King George the Second issued a warrant prescribing the following dress to the Twelfth Dragoons. The coats were to be scarlet, double-breasted, without lappels, and lined with white; the sleeves slit, and turned up with white, the button-holes ornamented with white lace, the buttons of white metal, and white worsted aiguillettes (such as footmen wear now) on the right shoulder. The waistcoats and breeches white. The cocked-hats to be bound with silver lace, and ornamented with white metal loops and Hanoverian black cockades. The forage caps red, turned up with white, with XII. D. on the flap. The boots of jacked leather. The cloaks scarlet, white collars and linings, the buttons to be set on yellow frogs, with green stripes down the centre. The horse furniture to be white cloth, bordered with yellow lace with a green stripe down the centre, and XII. D. to be embroidered on the housings, within a wreath of roses and thistles, with the king's cipher and crown over it. The officers to wear silver lace and crimson sashes over the left shoulder; the sergeants silver aiguillettes and green and yellow worsted sashes. The drummers and hautboys to have white coats lined with scarlet, and scarlet waistcoats and breeches, ornamented with yellow lace with the usual green stripe. The king's guidon was to be of crimson silk with a green and silver fringe. In the centre were to be the rose and thistle conjoined, and a crown over them with the motto, "Dieu et mon Droit." The white horse of the House of Hanover to be in a compartment in the first and fourth corners, and XII. D. in silver characters on a white ground in the second and third corners. The second and third guidons were modifications of the first.

In 1768, George the Third conferred on this regiment, which had behaved very well in Ireland, and had been altered from "heavies" to light dragoons, the honorable title of "The Prince of Wales's Regiment;" the future George the Fourth being then only seven years old; and the new regimental badge was a coronet with three ostrich feathers, the motto, "Ich Dien," a rising sun and a red dragon. In 1784, the uniform was changed from scarlet to blue, and the year after blue cloaks were given out to the men. In June, 1789, the regiment was honored by Lieutenant the Honorable Arthur Wellesley entering it, on removal from the Forty-first Foot. He left the Twelfth in 1791.

Soon after Lord Hood had taken Toulon, the Twelfth Light Dragoons were sent out to aid the garrison, which was threatened by the French. The Twelfth afterwards helped in taking Corsica, and from thence sailed to Civita Vecchia, where the Pope, eager to please the English,

chose to be so gratified by their exemplary conduct, that he gave gold medals to Colonel Erskine and all the officers of the Twelfth, and on their being presented to him at Rome, he took a helmet and placed it on Captain Browne's head, praying that Heaven would enable the cause of truth and religion to triumph over injustice and infidelity.

The Twelfth went to Lisbon in 1797, and in 1800 were sent to join Abercromby's expedition to Egypt. On landing in Turkey the regiment received a supply of Turkish horses so poor that the Lieutenant-Colonel, Mervyn Archdale, proposed that the regiment should serve as infantry; but eventually six hundred of the men were mounted. At Aboukir, our light dragoons soon came into play and put the French dragoons, "with their long swords, saddles, bridles," to the right-about, before two notes could be played upon a bugle. The day they left Mandora Tower and the grove of date-trees, they sent the French scouring, and on the 18th of March, 1801, Lieutenant-Colonel Archdale, with eighty men, routed one hundred and fifty French hussars and infantry sent out to reconnoitre. Lieutenant Livingston, and a few horsemen, threw themselves, sword in hand, on the French left flank, while Colonel Archdale dashed full at the centre of the infantry, and broke it as one would break a pane of glass. But the old story happened again. Our cavalry, reckless and impetuous, pursued too far; the French foot rallied behind some sand-hills, and eventually Colonel Archdale lost an arm, and Captain the Honorable Pierce Butler, Cornets Earle, Lindsay, Daniel, and seven dragoons were intercepted and made prisoners. In the repulse of the French, the day the lamented Abercromby fell, the Twelfth had seven men wounded. At the taking of the Fort of Rahmania, Lieutenant Drake, with only thirty men, compelled fifty men of the Twenty-second French Dragoons to surrender. In the advance along the banks of the Nile towards Cairo, the Twelfth, acting for the most part as infantry, made a dip into the desert in company with the Twenty-sixth Light Dragoons. They met a French convoy, which, weary of Egypt, at once surrendered. A white handkerchief was waved, and by that sign twenty-eight officers and five hundred and seventy rank and file laid down their arms, surrendering at the same time a gun, a stand of colors, three hundred horses and dromedaries, and five hundred camels. Brigadier-General Doyle was delighted at this, and in a letter to Colonel Browne said warmly, "With such troops I shall always feel a pride to serve, and at their head be content to fall, being convinced it must be with honor." When Sir John Doyle afterwards received supporters to his arms, he chose for one of them a dragoon of the Twelfth holding the French color taken from the Desert convoy. When, after the capture of Cairo and Alexandria, the Twelfth returned to England, each of the officers received a gold medal from the Grand Signior, and the regiment was subsequently allowed the honor of bearing on its guidons and appointments a sphynx, with the word "Egypt."

In 1811, the Twelfth Light Dragoons were ordered to Lisbon, where Lord Wellington's army was gathering to expel Bonaparte's legions from Spain and Portugal. They assisted in the operations at the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and advancing against the French, drove the enemy's outposts from Usagre and occupied the town (April the 16th, 1812). On the following day the Twelfth covered itself with glory. The cavalry brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel the Honorable Frederick Ponsonby of the Twelfth, moved towards Llerena, and by a masterly bit of stratagem kept the attention of a large body of French cavalry engaged, while the Fifth Dragoon Guards and the Third and Fourth Dragoons, commanded by Major-General Le Marchant, passed secretly around some adjoining heights and gained the enemy's flank. The stratagem answered admirably. The French were still occupied in front with Ponsonby's three squadrons when the Fifth Dragoon Guards slipped out of a grove of olive-trees and came thundering down on the French flanks. The same moment Ponsonby let his light brigade slip; it charged the French line, which it broke to pieces, and the enemy was pursued and sabred for several miles. A hundred French horsemen were killed, and a far greater number, including a lieutenant-colonel, two captains, and a lieutenant, were made prisoners. As often happens in these dashing cavalry affairs, when successful, the loss of the Twelfth was very slight; one sergeant, two private soldiers, and one horse only were killed, and five men and three horses wounded. Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, in the following day's cavalry orders, spoke highly of the zeal and attention of all the regiments engaged, and praised the order observed in the pursuit, and the quickness with which the ranks were formed after each attack.

The Twelfth had some rather hot skirmishing with Marmont's dragoons during the retreat behind the Guarena (1812). At the Battle of Salamanca our brave regiment was stationed on the left near Arapiles, and towards the evening charged twice, and each time broke up the French infantry. The Twelfth lost only two men. They skirmished a good deal with the French at Tudela, Valladolid, the Pisuerga Valley, Monasterio, and the retreat from Burgos. In the latter affair the Twelfth covered our rear and fought stubbornly with the French advanced guard, and in one of the frequent recontres the gallant commanding officer, Ponsonby, and Lieutenant Tayler were wounded.

When the regiment went into quarters at Oliveira, it could reckon thirty-three skirmishes and one general engagement in its six months' campaign. At the battle of Vittoria, the Twelfth supported the attacks of the infantry and artillery on the right of the enemy's position at Abecchuco and Gamarra Major, and towards the close of the action it crossed the Zadorra, turned the right of the French, and cut off their retreat by the Bayonne road. The regiment lost only two men. The Twelfth helped to defeat General Foy's division at Tolosa, in June, 1813, and were employed in covering the siege of St. Sebastian during Soult's unsuccessful attempt to relieve that important fortress. They also assisted in forcing the passage of the Bidassoa, and supported the infantry at Nivelle. When Lieutenant-General Hope, in 1814, effected the passage of the Adour below Bayonne, a squadron of the Twelfth crossed in boats, the horses swimming. The blockade of Bayonne soon followed. The regiment remained some time at Bordeaux, and furnished posts and patrols between the Garonne and the Dordogne, on one occasion breaking up some French infantry at Etoliers.

When the regiment moved down at last at Dorchester, it could boast that, during the whole Peninsular war, it had never had a picket surprised nor a patrol taken, nor had any case of desertion taken place from its ranks. After commanding the regiment for twenty-three years, General Sir James Steuart Denham, Baronet, was removed to the Scots Greys, and succeeded by Lieutenant-General Sir William Payne, Baronet. The Prince Regent permitted the Twelfth Dragoons to bear on their guidons the word "Peninsula," and rewarded Colonel Ponsonby with a medal and two clasps for his share in the battles of Barossa, Salamanca and Vittoria.

The cry of "Vive Napoleon!" when Bonaparte broke from Elba, soon brought the Twelfth into the field. Six troops of the regiment, commanded by Colonel the Honorable F. C. Ponsonby, embarked at Ramsgate, April, 1815, and landed at Ostend, forming a brigade with the Eleventh and Sixteenth Light Dragoons under Major-General Sir John Ormsby Vandeleur. Soon after their arrival in Flanders, they were reviewed by the Duke of Wellington, who was pleased to express his approbation of a corps "which had always been distinguished for its gallantry and discipline; and he did not doubt but, should occasion offer, it would continue to deserve his good opinion; and he hoped every man would feel a pride in endeavoring to maintain the reputation of the regiment."

When Napoleon endeavored to drive his army, like a wedge, between the British and Prussians, the Twelfth was suddenly ordered to Enghien, and from thence to Quatre Bras, where they arrived just as Ney was withdrawing his forces. On the 17th the Twelfth, when the army retrograded to get nearer the Prussians, withdrew by the woods, passed the river Dyle at a deep ford below Genappe, and took post on the left of our position in front of the village of Waterloo, bivouacking in the open fields under heavy rain.

On the morning of the 18th of June, the Twelfth were formed in columns of squadrons, and posted in a pea-field above Papillot, a short distance from the left of the fifth division, which formed the left of the British infantry. About eleven A.M., Count d'Erlon's corps attacked the British left, but was repulsed by desperate charges of the Royals, the Greys, and the Inniskilling Dragoons. One French column on the French right, however, still pressed forward. Part of Vandeleur's brigade was away supporting the Royals and Inniskillings, who were reforming after their last charge, and Ponsonby, having a discretionary power, and thinking the French column unsteady, somewhat rashly ventured on an attack, though with so inferior a force. As the French column came into the valley, he rode down past a ledge occupied by Highlanders, and over ploughed land soaked with rain, exposed to the French artillery, then charged. The Twelfth cut through the column with great carnage, but were soon stopped by the columns of reserve, and then charged by three hundred Polish lancers (equal in numbers to the English alone). Ponsonby, too late, attempted to withdraw his regiment, but fell wounded in the mêlée.

The Twelfth, utterly overweighted, were at last reformed under Captain Hawell; but in ten minutes one of the three squadrons had gone down, and the regiment had to be told off into two. Major James Paul Bridger, whose horse had been killed, mounted another and assumed the command. Colonel Ponsonby's groom, a faithful old soldier, who was in the rear with a led horse, rushed forward with tears in his eyes, and continued to search for his master, regardless of fire and sword, till he was driven away by the advance of the French skirmishers.

The following is Colonel Ponsonby's interesting account of his own sufferings, after this rash and unlucky charge:

"I was stationed with my regiment (about three hundred strong) at the extreme left wing, and directed to act discretionally; each of the armies was drawn up on a gentle declivity, a small valley lying between them.

"At one o'clock, observing, as I thought, unsteadiness in a column of French infantry, which was advancing with an irregular fire, I resolved to charge them. As we were descending in a gallop, we received from our own troops on the right a fire much more destructive than the enemy's, they having begun long before it could take effect, and slackening as we drew nearer; when we were within fifty paces of

them, the French turned, and much execution was done among them, as we were followed by some Belgians who had remarked our success. But we had no sooner passed through them, than we were attacked in our turn, before we could form, by about three hundred Polish lancers, who had come down to their relief; the French artillery pouring in among us a heavy fire of grape-shot, which, however, killed three of their own for one of our men. In the mêlée, I was disabled almost instantly in both of my arms, and followed by a few of my men, who were presently cut down (no quarter being asked or given), I was carried on by my horse, till, receiving a blow on my head from a sabre, I was thrown senseless on my face to the ground. Recovering, I raised myself a little to look round, when a lancer, passing by, exclaimed, 'Tu n'es pas mort, coquin,' and struck his lance through my back; my head dropped, the blood gushed into my mouth, a difficulty of breathing came on, and I thought all was over.

"Not long afterwards a tirailleur came up to plunder me, threatening to take my life. I told him that he might search me, directing him to a small side pocket, in which he found three dollars, being all I had; he unloosed my stock and tore open my waistcoat, then leaving me in a very uneasy posture; and was no sooner gone than another came up for the same purpose; but assuring him I had been plundered already, he left me, when an officer, bringing up some troops (to which, probably, the tirailleurs belonged), and halting where I lay, stooped down and addressed me, saying, he feared I was badly wounded; I replied that I was, and expressed a wish to be removed to the rear; he said it was against the order to remove even their own men, but that if they gained the day, as they probably would (for he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that six of our battalions had surrendered), every attention in his power should be shown me. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy-bottle to my lips, directing one of his men to lay me straight on my side, and place a knapsack under my head; he then passed on into action, and I shall never know to whose generosity I was indebted, as I conceive, for my life. Of what rank he was I cannot say; he wore a blue great-coat. By-and-bye another tirailleur came and knelt and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with great glee all the while; at last he ran off, saying, 'Vous serez bien aise d'entendre que nous allons nous retirer; bonjour, mon ami.'

"While the battle continued in that part, several of the wounded men and dead bodies near me were hit with the balls, which came very thick in that place. Towards evening, when the Prussians came, the continued roar of the cannon along theirs and the British line growing louder and louder as they drew near, was the finest thing I ever heard. It was dusk when two squadrons of Prussian cavalry, both of them two deep, passed over me in full trot, lifting me from the ground, and tumbling me about cruelly; the clatter of their approach, and the apprehensions it excited, may be easily conceived; had a gun come that way, it would have done for me. The battle was then nearly over, or removed a distance; the cries and groans of the wounded around me became every instant more and more audible, succeeding to the shouts, imprecations, outcries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' the discharge of musketry and cannon; now and then intervals of perfect silence, which were worse than the noise. I thought the night would never end. Much about this time I found a soldier of the Royals lying across my legs, who had probably crawled thither in his agony; his weight, convulsive motions, noises, and the air issuing through a wound in his side, distressed me greatly; the latter circumstance, the most of all, as the case was my own. It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder (and the scene in Ferdinand, Count Fathom, came into my mind, though no women, I believe, were there); several of them came and looked at me, and passed on; at length one stopped to examine me. I told him as well as I could (for I could say but little in German) that I was a British officer, and had been plundered already; he did not desist, however, and pulled me about roughly before he left me. About an hour before midnight, I saw a soldier in an English uniform coming towards me; he was, I suspect, on the same errand. He came and looked in my face; I spoke instantly, telling him who I was, and assuring him of a reward if he would remain by me. He said that he belonged to the Fortieth regiment, but had missed it. He released me from the dying man; being unarmed, he took up a sword from the ground, and stood over me, pacing backwards and forwards. At eight o'clock in the morning, some English were seen in the distance; he ran to them, and a messenger was sent off to Hervey. A cart came for me. I was placed in it, and carried to a farm-house, about a mile and a half distant, and laid in the bed from which poor Gordon (as I understood afterwards) had been just carried out. The jolting of the cart, and the difficulty of breathing, were very painful. I had received seven wounds; a surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by continual bleedings, one hundred and twenty ounces in two days, besides the great loss of blood on the field."

But at the close of the day the Twelfth had a second opportunity of distinguishing itself. Many of our regiments were now so decimated, that in some instances it took two or three regiments to form a square, and the heavy cavalry had suffered much from its rashness, when Lord Uxbridge ordered six regiments of cavalry (in-



cluding the Twelfth) from the left to the main point of attack, where our troops were fatigued and much harassed. At this juncture Bulow's two brigades of Prussian infantry and a brigade of cavalry had arrived in a wood on the right flank of the French. At half-past seven, Napoleon made a last tremendous charge on the English centre with four regiments of Guards and a large body of cavalry, and had even forced, by mere dint of numbers, some of our regiments to fall back. It was at this critical moment that Vandeleur's brigade, aided by Sir William Ponsonby's, made a charge which disordered both French infantry and cavalry, and not long after, Wellington, seeing signs of retreat in the French rear, shut the telescope which he had been attentively using, and cried to his delighted staff, "Now every man must advance!" The cry flew like lightning along the line. The tired men advanced fresh as boys broken from school. The last squares of the Imperial Guards were broken, Napoleon's army fell into hopeless ruins, and Waterloo was won.

The Twelfth lost Captain Sandys, Lieutenant Bertie, and Cornet Lockhart, six sergeants, and thirty-seven rank and file, in this great conflict while Colonel Ponsonby, Lieutenant Dowbiggen, three sergeants, and fifty-five rank and file were wounded. In the distribution of national rewards, the Twelfth, as we might feel sure, was not forgotten. Colonel Ponsonby (second son of the Earl of Besborough), was made Knight Companion of the Bath and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, besides receiving a bushel of German orders. He was afterwards commandant at Malta and colonel of the Eighty-sixth regiment, and died in 1837. "Waterloo" was instantly inscribed on the guidons of the Twelfth. Major James Paul Bridger was made Companion of the Bath, Sergeant-Major Carruthers was appointed to a cornetcy, and all the officers and men got silver medals.

In 1816, the Twelfth, forming part of the army of occupation, while stationed at Fruges, was mustered on the memorable field of Agincourt, and there the men received their Waterloo medals. This year the regiment became a corps of lancers, and in 1817, when the Twelfth was first styled "The Prince of Wales's Royal Lancers," the color of the facings was changed from yellow to scarlet, and the lace from silver to gold. At their return to England in November, 1818, the regiment was on duty at the funeral of Queen Charlotte. In 1819, it was reviewed by that gallant knight, the Prince Regent, and in 1820 embarked for Ireland. In 1821, it helped to guard Dublin, during the joyous welcome of George the Fourth. In 1825, General Sir William Payne was succeeded in the colonelcy by Major-General Sir Colquhoun Grant. In 1826, four troops of the Twelfth, under Major Barton, were sent to Portugal to protect it from invasion by Spain. They returned in 1828. In 1827, Major-General Sir Hussey Vivian became colonel of the Twelfth, and on his advancement to the peerage in 1841, chose for one of his supporters "a bay horse-gardant, thereon mounted a lancer of the Twelfth, habited, armed, and accoutred, proper." In 1837, the colonelcy was given to Lieutenant-General Sir Henry John Cumming. On June the 28th, 1838, the regiment had the honor of being on duty at the coronation of Her Majesty, and, by a singular coincidence, three of the cavalry regiments attending on that auspicious day were commanded by lieutenant-colonels who had served side by side at Waterloo in the Twelfth Light Dragoons. The queen presented each of them (Hawell, Chatterton, and Vandeleur) with a gold medal. In 1842, the regiment was again clothed in blue.

But it is not in war alone that heroism is shown. Peace, too, has its time of peril, and its unostentatious heroes. At the dreadful wreck of the Birkenhead steam troop-ship near the Cape of Good Hope, during the Kaffir war, on the 25th of February, 1852, eight men of the Twelfth Lancers displayed a chivalrous generosity, and heroic calmness and devotion, worthy to be compared with any shown in Grecian or in Roman times. The martyr-like courage with which these brave men drew up as on parade, and prepared to die without one selfish struggle, one coward cry, rather than imperil the safety of the women and children in the boats, is a fact that has thrown fresh lustre on the name of the English soldier, for there was no mad rush of war to urge these men on, no reward to be obtained; yet there they stood like statues, till the vessel sank with them.

The pitiful yet noble story is soon told. There were on board the steam transport two cornets (Bond and Rolt) and six men of the Twelfth, fifty-two men of the Second (Queen's Royal), sixty-two men of the Sixth, sixteen men of the Twelfth Foot, forty-two men of the Forty-third Light Infantry, seventy-two men of the Forty-fifth, forty-one men of the Sixtieth Rifles, seventy-three men of the Seventy-third, sixty-five men of the Seventy-fourth, sixty-two men of the Ninety-first, making in all a total of thirteen officers, nine sergeants, and four hundred and sixty-six men. There were besides twenty women and children, and a crew of about one hundred and thirty officers and seamen. The unfortunate vessel left Simon's Bay for Algoa Bay on the 25th of February. It was a calm, starlight night, and land was distinctly visible on the port bow. At ten minutes to two a.m., the leadsmen on the paddle-box got soundings in twelve or thirteen fathoms, and before he could heave the lead again the ship struck on a rock with only two fathoms of water under her bows. The master commander of the ship instantly ordered the boats to be lowered, and a turn astern to be given to the engines.

This last was a fatal step. As the ship backed from the rock the water rushed in, and the ship then struck again, "buckling up," all the fore-most plates, and tearing asunder the bulkhead partitions. But there was no cowardly confusion on board. Colonel Seton set the soldiers to work at the chain pumps, and the women and children calmly placed in the cutter, were pulled a short distance from the ship. Only three boats, holding seventy-eight persons, could be lowered in time. Ten minutes after the first shock, the ship separated in two, the fore part of the ship sank instantly, and the funnel went over the side; the stern part, crowded with soldiers, floated a few minutes, then sank also. At this awful moment the soldiers behaved admirably.

"Far exceeding," says Captain Wright, "anything that I thought could be effected by the best discipline; every one did as he was directed, and there was not a murmur or a cry among them until the vessel made her final plunge. All the officers received their orders, and had them carried out, as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom; there was only this difference, that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise and confusion. When the vessel was just about going down, the commander called out, 'All those who can swim jump overboard and make for the boats.' We begged the men not to do as the commander said, as the boats must be swamped. Not more than three made the attempt."

Those who came to the surface clung to the masts and yards, some swam to shore, others caught hold of spars and drift wood. But now three terrible dangers awaited the survivors. A sea swarming with sharks, a coast almost inaccessible through miles of breakers, and a bar of most dangerous weed, which entangled and drowned nearly all who ventured near it. Many of the survivors were bitten in two and carried away by sharks, others perished in the long weed. Of the many souls on board the Birkenhead ninety-seven only were saved; that is, seven officers of the ship, and fifty-three seamen, boys and marines; of the military passengers, seven women, thirteen children, five officers, and twelve soldiers.

It is heroic to mount the "imminent deadly breach," to face the flaming cannon, to rush on bayonets, to bear the hunger and hardship of a long campaign; but surely men who could meet, in a moment and without preparation, so terrible a death as this, were as much heroes as any whose names "storied urn and monumental bust" have ever recorded.

The Twelfth have since distinguished themselves in the Crimea, and in central India.—*All the Year Round.*

### FAMILY MATTERS.

**GREEN TOMATO PIE.**—Take as many green tomatoes as will make 4 pies, 1 cup of raisins, chop them both fine, and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of vinegar, and sugar to suit the taste.

**CRACKER PIE.**—2 crackers, rolled fine, 1 cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiled cider, 1 cup sugar, a handful of chopped raisins, a little spice of all kinds, a small piece of butter or a little salt.

**CABBAGE SALAD.**—Boil a Savoy cabbage until tender; then drain and chop it. Serve with a salad dressing made out of two hard-boiled eggs mashed very fine, three tablespoonfuls of thick sour cream, one teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of strong vinegar. Stir until perfectly smooth, and turn over the cabbage.

**STEWED PEAS.**—Take one quart of tender, freshly-shelled peas, and put them into a stew-pan, with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a small sprig of mint, an onion cut into quarters, two tablespoonfuls of meat stock or gravy, one teaspoonful of white sugar, and a pinch of salt; stew gently until tender, take out the mint and onion, add a little more butter if needful, and serve smoking hot.

**STEWED TOMATOES.**—Select very ripe tomatoes, skin and slice them, rejecting the hard parts. Put in a porcelain sauce-pan, with a little salt and pepper, and simmer for one hour and a half. Add a piece of butter, or two tablespoonfuls of beef, mutton, veal or chicken gravy. Toast a slice of bread, cut it into inch bits, and put it in the dish in which the tomato will be served, turn the contents of the saucepan over it.

**ANOTHER WAY.**—Take one dozen good sized tomatoes, skin and slice them; put in a sauce-pan and boil for one hour; season with pepper and salt, then strain through a sieve, put back into the pan and add two well beaten eggs. Stir rapidly for five minutes, then turn out and serve. This is very delicious as an accompaniment to roast beef or mutton.

**PORK CAKE WITHOUT BUTTER, EGGS OR MILK.**—Fat salt pork entirely free of lean or rind, chopped so fine as to be almost like lard, one pound. Pour half a pint of boiling water over it. Raisins seeded and chopped, one pound; citron shaved into shreds, one-quarter pound; sugar, two cups; molasses, one cup; saleratus, one teaspoonful rubbed fine and put into the molasses. Mix all these together, and stir in sifted flour enough to make of the consistency of common cake mixture; then stir in nutmegs and cloves ground fine one ounce each; cinnamon ground, two ounces. Be governed about the time of baking by putting a sliver in it; when nothing adheres to it, it is done. It should be baked slowly. Other fruit can be substituted,

if desired, in place of raisins, using as much or as little fruit as is desired, or none at all, and still have a nice cake.

**WINTER BOUQUETS.**—A young lady writes as follows to the *Country Gentleman*:—"On the mantel of the parlor, in our pleasant country home, there stand two beautiful Bohemian glass vases. During the summer they are gay and bright with flowers, but when 'cold winter's a'wa' they stand mournful and empty monuments of the beauty and bloom which the cold chilly winds of December stole from us, while the 'lesser lights' around do duty by holding tapers of many colors and fanciful shape, and yet others the rare winter-blooming flowers from the green-house. What to fill these gaping, empty monsters with, was the question. I remembered a method I had seen for crystalizing grasses for bouquets, and resolved to try it. Went to work and gathered the grasses, tying up two large bunches, mingling the long, graceful wild rye with feathery orchard and herd's grass, giving dignity and substance by the addition of sturdy timothy and millet, bearded wheat and Norway oats (dipping these last two in red aniline dye, which colors them a bright pink, and forms a pretty contrast to the green of the remainder), and crowned the whole with long, drooping heads of 'sweet wheat,' which came with a lot of flour seed from one of our leading florists, and was petted and tended through a sickly infancy of growth only to develop into an enlarged form of our millet. It made a beautiful finish, however, for my bouquet, which I tied up loosely, and suspended over a small tub (wooden). I then dissolved a pound of alum in a quart of rain water, and when scalding hot, pour it over the grasses, taking care that the solution reach every part of it. Left them hanging all night, and found them in the morning with a crystal shining from every spray. So the question how to fill the vases was answered, and all this coming winter, in the lamp-light and glow from the fire, they will scintillate and sparkle as though the dews of Golconda had fallen upon them, thus proving 'a joy forever'—or until

"The roses bloom again,  
And the springs do gush anew."

When I can treat persons to a new version of the old adage, and tell them 'all are not diamonds that glitter.'

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**THE Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser** says: A young lady of this city who had just returned from school, sent her card to her uncle, our old friend Colonel G—M—, with the letters R. S. V. P. inscribed in one corner. The Colonel, who didn't understand "R. S. V. P.," and who didn't care a darn if he didn't, sent his card in reply—inscripting the letters D. S. C. C. in the corresponding corner. These were new initials to the young lady, and when she met the Colonel, asked what he meant by such outlandish initials?

"What did you mean by yours?" queried the Colonel in response.

"Oh! I meant that you must answer if you couldn't come. Now what did you mean?"

"Me! Why, I meant—that is, the letters meant—'Darned sorry couldn't come.' Wasn't that correct?"

The young lady was fairly cornered, and gracefully "acknowledged the corn."

A GOSSIPY book just published in London, entitled "Court and Social Life in France, under Napoleon III.," has an anecdote of the late Emperor, which, if true, is very much to his credit. While Napoleon was in London, "waiting his destiny," he was watched by French diplomatic detectives. Three of these elevated gentlemen so far imposed upon the exile that he invited them to dinner, asking some of his English friends to meet them. After dinner the subject of horses came up, and the conversation resulted in the purchase of a horse by one of the Frenchmen from an English officer. The horse was sent to the place designated, but the English gentleman did not get his money. Prince Napoleon heard of the transaction after a few days, and immediately sent to the Englishman a check for the price, saying that no English gentleman should sell a horse at his table and not be paid for it. "There were swindlers," he said, "in all countries; but, if they made their way into good society, the hosts which they deceived must see that their other guests did not suffer."

ONE of the simplest and most effective devices for giving timely alarm, in case of fire breaking out in a building, is an ingenious little invention known as the Tunncliffe Fire Alarm. It is nothing more than a cylindrical barrel some three inches long by an inch and a half in diameter, which, by a screw attached midway along its length, may be readily secured to the ceiling or any part of the room desired. It is made of malleable iron, with a smooth bore, and contains, when ready for use, a small charge of powder, to which is attached an inch of fuse. This fuse is formed of a chemical mixture that will ignite whenever the surrounding atmosphere is heated to 200 deg. Fah.; that is to say, it is kindled by merely heated air, and at a temperature less than that of boiling water. In case of fire, the heat, which ascends at once to the ceiling, quickly ignites the fuse, and causes the required explosion to take place before the flames can get beyond a point at which they may be quenched by a pail of water. The discharge of one of these protective instruments

makes a report as loud as that of an army musket loaded with a regulation cartridge.

THE governor of a prison in Cornwall, England, has discovered an admirable remedy to cure tramps and vagrants, in casual wards and prisons, of the habit of expressing their profound grief at the buffets of fate by rending their garments, thus placing society in a ridiculous position by compelling it to provide them with new wardrobes at the very moment when it is least inclined to bestow upon them any mark of its favor. When he finds a prisoner huddled up in a corner of his cell, covered only with the cell rug and his clothes lying in a heap of torn rags at his feet, he sends for a needle and thread, which he gives to the clothes-destroyer, informing him at the same time that he will be fed on bread and water until he has thoroughly reconstructed his garments. This cure has been found to work wonders, for long before the time allowed by law for bread-and-water diet expires, the clothes are mended with marvellous skill, and the intelligence of the hardship thus inflicted being conveyed by tramps on leaving the prison to their friends and acquaintances, not only induces them to resist the temptation of tearing up their clothes when they are sheltered beneath its roof, but leads many of them to avoid confinement altogether in an establishment where they are exposed to such ungentlemanly treatment.

**ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. OF PRUSSIA.**—When Crown Prince, he was one summer morning walking in the garden of Potsdam in the simple uniform which he usually wore. His path was crossed by a poor old woman, vainly endeavoring to coax or drive forward her donkey, loaded with vegetables. In her distress she called to the officer. "What can I do for you, my good friend?" said the Crown Prince. "I will take him by the bridle and pull him forward," said the woman, "and you go behind and push." At it they both went. The old woman pulled and the Prince pushed, until the little animal was compelled to move. The woman thanked the officer and said "she would be always ready to do the like for him." The Crown Princess, who had witnessed the scene, now came up and said remonstratively: "Fritz, what have you been doing?" "I have only been following the example of my dear father. I have so often seen him push donkeys forward in my life, that I thought there could be no harm in my doing the same." As an instance of his wit, he once attended the first representation of a new tragedy so stupid that he left the theatre after the third act. In the lobby he found one of the servants asleep. "Poor fellow," said he, "no doubt he has been listening through the key-hole."—"Personal Recollections of the Revolution of 1848 in Berlin," by Theodore S. Fay.

THE treasures of the Sultan of Turkey outshine those of the Shah. Their value is \$27,500,000, and they lie in a rather plain kiosk immediately adjoining the Turkish transept and surmounted by a crescent and a star. The domed ceiling is painted in arabesques, and pendant from it are five large golden walls. Here may be read the history of the Sublime Porte from the days of the conqueror of Byzantium, Mahmoud II., to the present Padishah, Abdul-Aziz. The golden throne of Nadr-Shah is here, which was renowned in the East before the peacock throne of the Great Mogul at Delhi was dreamed of. It is marvellous in its workmanship, large enough for a couch, and weighs four and a half hundred weight. It is enamelled in celadon, green and crimson, and its patterns of arabesquerie are in rubies, emeralds, and pearls. Above it hang the turban and armor of Sultan Murad, heavy with gold and gleaming with jewels. Near it are the horse caparisons of Selim III., with the heavy Mameluke stirrups and Arab bit of solid gold, encrusted with diamonds. Scabbards, where nothing but diamonds can be seen; cinctures of diamonds; bowls of China porcelain, their patterns marked out in gold and reset with rubies; clocks encased in diamonds and glistening with crescent moons and stars; hookahs with golden bowls; and chibouques whose amber mouth-piece are encircled with rings of diamonds, gleam and glisten everywhere.

AN exchange thus relieves its mind on a seasonable subject: Whether the fly was contemporaneous with the original monkey-man, pollywog-man, or any other man was ever permitted on earth without his attendant fly. Whether the flies disported themselves in the palaeozoicera, or came out at the drift formation, is of no consequence. We have flies in abundance now, and that is all—more—than we care to know. There are many families of flies; but the kind whereof we now discourse is waggishly termed the "house-fly." We view it as the "everywhere-fly." It is of the sect insect. It disports in the air, perambulates the earth, and dies in the water. It has a head which is all cerebellum, which accounts for its insatiable animal propensities. Its body is shaped like a military shell. It has a miniature trunk on elephant principles—six legs, six feet, two wings, and several thousands of eyes. Viewed by a microscope, it is highly curious and interesting, but a telescope view is far preferable. Its principal occupation is looking into matters and things generally; but it prefers to do this particularly. Hence its thousands of eyes. It has an appetite for all devourable things. Hence its trunk. It is of pertinacious habits. Hence its feet are on the suction principle. Just what the fly was made for—why so many were made—whence they come or whither they go—is a mystery. How long they live no philologist has yet determined. They are more



numerous than the sands of a dozen seas, and cause more torment and more "shotted discourses" than all other human afflictions. This is written under shadows cast by clouds of flies, and we speak of what we do know.

### HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A DRUNKEN Toledo man wrote on the wall of his cell, "Jug not that ye be not jugged."

A YOUNG man in a state of miserable inebrity a few days since applied to a town clerk in New Hampshire for a marriage license. The clerk told him that he seemed hardly to be in a condition to present himself at the altar of Hymen, upon which the young man heartlessly retorted: "Oh, it's all right; I am going to begin as I can hold out." This was honest, at least, and the young bride couldn't say that she hadn't had fair warning. Possibly the man was reluctant, didn't want to be married at all, and took something to drown his grief at the awful prospect before him. In such case, though we must still consider him censurable, we must not shut our eyes to the extenuating circumstances.

SAYS the Stockton Gazette: Where the road between Merced and Snelling crosses the Merced River that stream is about two hundred yards in width, and even at this season of the year, when the water is quite low, it looks like a dangerous and deep stream to cross. Last Thursday, a patent-medicine agent, travelling on horseback through that section, came to the river and hesitated about attempting to ford it as he saw the wide expanse of rushing waters. There is no bridge anywhere along there, so after some indecision he concluded to swim his horse across. Spying a boy, fishing in a small punt tied to the bank, he said:

"Hello, bub!"

"Hello, yourself."

"Can I get you to take my clothes across the river in your boat?"

"I reckon you kin, if you've got any soap."

"All right, I'll give you a quarter to take over my clothes and this carpet-sack to the opposite shore."

To this the boy nodded assent, the stranger disrobed, turned over the carpet-sack and habiliments to the juvenile, who paddled out into the stream, and mounted his horse, prepared to swim the river, and enjoy the luxury of a bath. With a splash at every movement, the horse stepped into the stream, and walked across—the water was nowhere more than eighteen inches deep! To say that that medicine man, perched on the back of his horse, was a man of iniquity for the space of half an hour would hardly do justice to the occasion. There were enough "dams" along the Merced that afternoon to supply a hundred mill-sites.

### OUR PUZZLER.

#### 65. CHARADE.

To first belongs the glory, theme of ancient story,

Of having leaped with Curtius adown the gulf of gloom,

That would have stayed for ever, if none had dared dis sever

The mystic spell by courting thus a hero's noble doom.

To bring in view the second, from old lore is beckoned

A fabled monster bird to Eastern story-tellers known;

And now, if you are sprightly, read the final rightly,

To see before the sight a well-known preposition's shown.

When winter winds are blowing, in our gardens growing

Is whole, a hardy flower, pretty herald of the spring.

And now the minstrel's jingle dies within the angle;

The riddling pen is laid aside—no more the bard doth sing.

#### 66. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. There are four men, A, B, C and D, whose united ages are 180 years. If you add together A and B's ages, the result will give C's age; and if you add together B and C's ages, the result will give D's age. Required their respective ages.

2. There are three persons, A, B and C, whose united ages are 96 years. If you deduct A's age from C's, the result will give B's age; if you deduct B's age from C's, the result will give A's age; and if you add together A and B's ages, the result will give C's age. Required their respective ages.

3. There are three men, A, B and C, whose united ages are 108 years. One-third of B's age and one-fourth of C's are equal to A's, one-half of A and C's ages are equal to B's age, and seven-eighths of A's age and three-fourths of B's are equal to C's. Required their respective ages.

#### 67. DECAPITATIONS.

A foreign stream I am complete; deprive me of my head,  
The residue, reversed, will name an English town instead.

### ANSWERS.

#### 48. CHARADE.—Dovercourt.

#### 49. SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.	3.
METAL	CLARE	EAGLE
EMILE	LINED	AFAIR
TIMON	ANISE	GAPER
ALoud	RESIN	LIEGE
LENDs	EDENS	ERRED

50. ENIGMA.—Bill—an act; bill of costs, of complaint, of exchange, an account; a beak.

51. ANAGRAMS.—1. Admiral Lord Collingwood; 2. Marie Francis Arout de Voltaire; 3. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy; 4. Emperor Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; 5. Anne Louisa Germaine Necker Stael; 6. Pietro Bonaventura Metastasio.

#### 52. CHARADE.—Lamp-lighter.

53. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—He was 106 years old when he died; being born in the year 1696, and died in 1802.

### CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Sept. 13th, 1873.

\* \* \* All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

\* \* \* We should be happy to receive a few unpublished two-move problems for "Caissa's Casket."

### TO OUR FRIENDS.

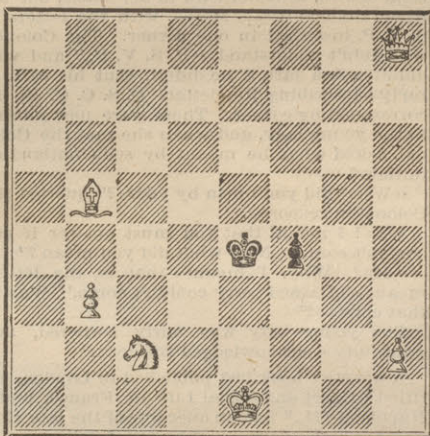
Being somewhat hurried last week we were not able to make as judicious a selection from Caissa's jewel box as we desired, but endeavor this week to lay before you something worthy of the steel of Canada's best "Chessers." Both our problems are very fine, and the game at the close of the chapters for young folks, is a sendable sample of the "Allgaier Gambit."

We hope to be able to present to the readers of the FAVORITE something attractive every week in the way of problems, games, &c. Just now we would like to get a few contributions of original and unpublished problems, in two moves. By and by we shall ask for games; but for the present, until we get our young readers more advanced, we shall be satisfied with the problems we have named. Let us have a few problems right away, and a fair share of our gratitude shall be yours. Address, "Checkmate," London, Ont.

#### PROBLEM No. 3.

By Dr. S. GOLD.

BLACK.

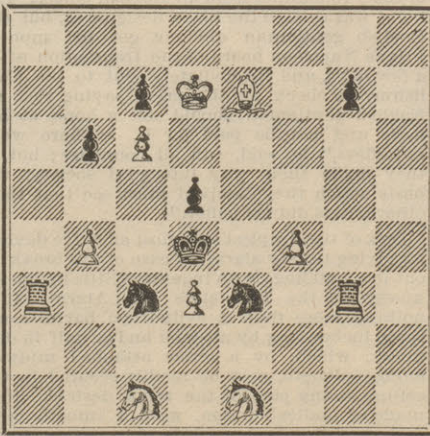


White to play and mate in two moves.

#### PROBLEM No. 4.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

### INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

By "CHECKMATE."

How to move the chessmen.

Last week I promised in this number of the FAVORITE to show you how to move the chessmen. You have already learned how to place the board,

the names of the files and the numbers of the ranks; the titles of the several Chessmen and how to set them on the board; now, doubtless, you are anxious to know how to move them.

Let us commence with the Pawns, and we shall play a little game as we proceed. These little fellows move always forward; never backward. On the first move they may go a distance of two squares, but on each succeeding move only one square at a time. The chessmen never jump over a piece to make a capture, but you simply remove the man you wish to take from the board and place your own upon the square the other occupied. Pawns have a peculiar way of capturing. To take a foe they must turn out of their course and go in a diagonal direction a distance of one square. None of the other chessmen change the direction of their move to make a capture. This peculiarity of the Pawn we will at once illustrate in our game. Set the men on the board and move as I direct, first a white man and then a black man, now:

White men.

1. P. to K. 4th.
2. P. to K. B. 4th.

Black men.

1. P. to K. 4th.

You observe that White has placed his King's Bishop's Pawn in a position to be taken by Black's King's Pawn, and the latter will capture it by removing it from its square and putting his own Pawn in its place. Thus:

2. K. P. takes B. P.

The Pawn has two other peculiarities which none of the other men possess. When he reaches the fifth rank in his march forward, an adverse Pawn on an adjoining file may try to escape him by jumping two squares, thus passing the point of capture. Should he attempt to do this the other may take him in the same manner as if he had only moved one square. Then, when he arrives at the opposite side of the board he must be promoted to the power of a Queen, a Rook, a Bishop or a Knight, at the option of the player, so that you may, if you can push a Pawn through, have two Queens, three Rooks, Bishops, or Knights of the same color upon the board at one and the same time.

The Knight's move is somewhat singular and is very difficult to describe in writing. Turn to your board again and we will make White's third move:

3. K. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.

He jumps you see over all obstructions from a black square to a white one at a distance of one square in a straight line and one square in a diagonal direction. His next move would be to a black square, and if it was his turn to move now he might go to either K. R. 4th, K. Kt. 5th, K. 5th, Q. 4th, or back to his own square. Carefully examine these moves and you cannot fail to understand how this cavalier jumps over the chess-board.

The Bishop moves in a diagonal direction only. He may go either backward or forwards as many squares as he pleases, provided his course is not obstructed by other men.

Notice that each player has a Bishop on a white square and another on a black square. Owing to the direction of his move each remains on squares of the same color throughout the game. Now move Black's King's Bishop to K. 2nd, thus:

3. K. B. to K. 2nd.

Now White's K. B.—

4. K. B. to Q. B. 4th.

We shall now see what the Rook can do. When he can get out into the open board this is a very useful piece. He may be moved forward, backward, to the right or to the left, as many squares as the limit of the board and the position of the men will allow. (See CASTLING, next week). To illustrate his move we play,

5. K. R. to K. B. 1st.

6. K. Kt. to K. 5th.

5. P. to Q. 4th.

6. P. to K. B. 3rd.

The Queen is by far the most powerful piece on the board, having the right to move forward, backward or sideways, (like the Rook) or diagonally (like the Bishop) and as many squares as the board and the other men will permit. Before making the Queen's move, we will talk over the power of the King.

During a game the Kings attract almost the entire attention of the players. While one makes every effort to attack his opponent's King, he must also be on the look out to ward off assaults upon his own. The King cannot be captured; but he may be placed in "check"—that is, if he receives a direct attack from any of the adverse men, he is said to be in check, and must get out of it immediately, by moving, by capturing the piece giving check, or by interposing a man between his King and the checking piece. If he be unable to make either of these moves, then he is "checkmated" and the game is lost by his side. The King can move one square at a time in any direction, provided he does not move into check. We will now show you the power of the Queen, and illustrate check and checkmate, by proceeding with our game:

7. Q. to K. R. 5th—(check).

The Black King is now directly attacked by the White Queen. Black cannot take the Queen, nor place any piece or Pawn between the Queen and his King, therefore, the King must move. You will observe that he cannot move his King to Q. 2nd, that square having been attacked by White K. Kt. The Black King has really only one square to which he may go.

8. Q. to K. B. 7—check and mate.

Again the K. is directly attacked, and as the Queen is defended by the K. Kt. it is impossible for him to move out of check, hence he is checkmated, and White has won the game.

In our next I shall give you a list of the technical terms used in chess, after which our progress will be more rapid and interesting.

You may now play over the moves of the following game. Do so two or three times till you can make them without hesitation. If you should at any time find it impossible to make a move described in the text, be satisfied the fault lies with yourself; try the game over again and find out where you moved wrongly:

#### GAME No. 1.

White.

1. M. KIRSEMITZKY.
1. P. to K. 4th.
2. P. to K. B. 4th.
3. K. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
4. P. to K. R. 4th.
5. K. Kt. to K. 5th.
6. K. B. to Q. B. 4th.
7. P. to Q. 4th.
8. K. Kt. to Q. 3rd.
9. Q. Kt. P. takes P.
10. K. Kt. to Q. B. 4th.
11. Q. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
12. K. to B. 2nd.
13. Q. to Q. 3rd.
14. Q. B. to Q. 2nd.
15. Q. R. to K. 1st.
16. Q. B. to K. 3rd.
17. K. B. to K. 6th.
18. P. to Q. Kt. 4th.
19. K. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd.

Black.

1. M. CALVI.
1. P. to K. 4th.
2. P. takes P.
3. P. to K. Kt. 4th.
4. P. to K. R. 5th.
5. P. to K. R. 4th.
6. R. to K. R. 2nd.
7. P. to Q. 3rd.
8. P. to K. B. 6th.
9. P. to Q. B. 3rd.
10. K. Kt. to Q. 2nd.
11. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd.
12. R. to K. R. 1st.
13. K. B. to Kt. 2nd.
14. K. to B. 1st.
15. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
16. Q. to Q. B. 2nd.
17. P. to Q. Kt. 4th.
18. Q. Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
19. P. to Q. R. 4th.

20. P. to Q. R. 3rd.
21. B. to Q. R. 2nd.
22. P. to K. 5th.
23. P. to K. 6th.
24. Q. B. to K. B. 1st.
25. P. takes P.
26. Q. Kt. to K. 4th.
27. Q. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th.
28. R. takes Kt.
29. R. to K. 1st.
30. R. to K. 8th.
31. K. Kt. to Kt. 6th.
32. Q. takes B.
33. Kt. to K. 7th.
34. Kt. takes Q. ch.
35. R. to K. 6th.
36. B. to Q. Kt. 1st.
20. P. to Q. R. 5th.
21. Q. B. to Kt. 2nd.
22. P. to Q. 4th.
23. Q. B. to Q. B. 1st.
24. Q. to Q. 3rd.
25. K. takes P.
26. Q. to Q. B. 2nd.
27. K. to Kt. 1st.
28. Q. takes R.
29. Q. to K. B. 3rd.
30. B. to K. B. 1st.
31. Q. B. to K. B. 4th.
32. Q. takes Q.
33. K. to Kt. 2nd.
34. K. to B. 3rd.
35. K. takes Kt.

#### SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 1.

White.

1. R. to K. R. 5th.
2. Kt. to K. B. 4th—mate.
2. Kt. to K. 7th—mate.
2. Kt. to K. B. 6th—mate.
2. Kt. to K. 3rd—mate.

Black.

1. K. to K. 3rd.
1. K. to B. 3rd.
1. K. to K. 5th.
1. K. to Q. B. 5.

#### SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 2.

White.

1. B. to K. B. 7th.
2. Q. to K. Kt. 8th—mate.

Black.

1. K. to Q. 1st.

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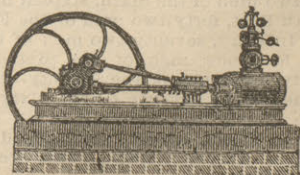
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